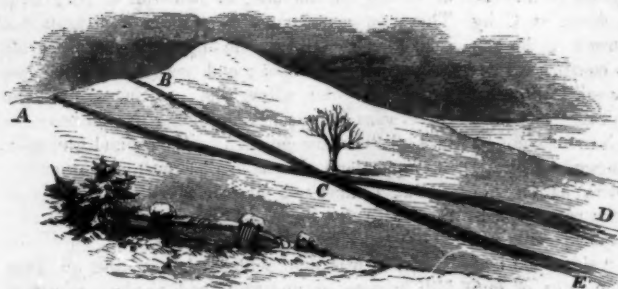


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"PIRATE," AND A SKIRMISH WITH THE TOWNIES.



NEAR by our boarding-school house were two small hills, or, rather, there were two roads descending in different lines on one hill,—each being about one hundred and fifty yards in length,—intersecting one another at an angle of twenty or thirty degrees. On those, after a good fall of snow, we had usually the best sliding fun of the winter in a game called "Pirate." The entire course of each road could be seen from any part of the other, until the intersection. But to give a clearer idea, I will try to draw a plan of the roads.

A and B were the starting-points at the top of the hill. At the point of crossing C, the sled coming from A could either continue on its own road A C D, or turn off at C on the road C E, because the deviation from a direct course was small there; but descending the other road from B, it was almost impossible to steer off from the course B C E on the road C D. B C E we called the "Commercial Route," and A C D the

"Pirate's Track." The former course was navigated entirely by double-runners. A double-runner is formed of two sleds joined by a plank lying lengthwise over both sleds and fastened stationary to the rear one, but playing on a pivot through the forward one. The length of a double-runner being eight or ten feet, and sometimes even twelve feet, four or five boys

could find passage at the same time on such sled. The front boy steered the "ship," as we called a double-runner, with his feet on the braces of the front sled, or by cords attached to its bows. Most of the weight was as far back as it could be seated, which gave the "ship" great momentum; while the leading sled, being unloaded comparatively, and working easily on the pivot, gave the nicest precision in steering. On the "Pirate's Track" were single sleds carrying only one rider each, who generally went belly-gutters. Our game was played in this way: A "pirate" at A, holding a sled in his arms ready for a run and slam, watches the ships getting under way at B. Remembering the greater speed of the ships, caused, as I have before explained, by their weight, knowing at a glance which one is preparing for the voyage, and using his judgment on such knowledge, the "pirate" either starts a moment before the "ship" gets headway, or tries to make up for the weight he lacks, by a proportion-

ally long, hard run and slam. If the "ship" reaches the crossing first, the pirate gives up that chance for conquest and keeps on to D, or he turns on to the "Commercial Route" *B C E* at C, and endeavors to overtake the ship; but the old sea adage is likely to prove its truth, that a "stern chase is a long chase," and as a rule the "pirate" fails, in which case he becomes the "ship's" prize, unless, as is almost impossible, he can make a longer running distance than the "ship" on the level terminating the course—that is, pass the point where the "ship" stops. Otherwise, cut short in his lawless career from recklessness and want of judgment in following a prey into its own home waters, the "pirate" is towed up to B and converted into a merchantman.

The customary, or, rather, the safest way was for the "pirate," when the ship first passed the crossing—"Bloody Ground" that point of danger was called—to keep on his own proper track and try another cruise. But the great peril to the "pirate" was that of being run down at C by another "ship" following in the track of the one he had missed, which affair also constituted the capture of the "pirate,"—another sail to increase the commercial fleet. After a "pirate" had kept on to D, or turned off toward E, he could not be harmed, except, as I have before described, by his own inability to make as long course as the ship he pursued. If, which was a very rare miscalculation, the "pirate" should reach the crossing first,—that is, before the very "ship" he had marked as his own,—then, by the rules of our game, he was obliged to keep on his course to D, unless a ship, which would probably be the very one the freebooter had gone out to prey on, ran him down as he scudded across the commercial route, a bitter bitten.

Of course a "pirate's" aim was to reach the intersection of the two courses exactly at the same moment with the "ship" he had sallied out for. Successful in accomplishing that, he either tried to tip over the "ship" by running into her,—an experiment more dangerous to pirate than merchantman, because of the far greater weight of the latter,—or, better yet, to come alongside, a maneuver often cleverly avoided by the skillful steering of a good ship pilot, and get hold of any part of the crew of the merchantman, and hold on, for the laws of the game did not permit the attacked party in this case to make any resistance whatever. But a still more glorious capture was for the pirate to run an arm through a brace of the ship, and sail with the victim into the tropi-

cal lagoon at D. The pirate side had the odds against them in the game; but then every capture of theirs added two crafts to their fleet, while a ship must take two pirates to add one more ship to their number.

In cases of oversets at C, which were very frequent, there was fun enough; the course was obstructed by capsized sleds and boys floundering in the snow or scrambling to get off the track, while a host from both starting-points swept down the hill, and over or between the unfortunates.

Victory for one side was the capture of all the sleds of the adversary. That exciting game originated in our boyish community, and was one of the favorite winter sports of all our boarding-school out-door pastimes.

But the game of "Pirate" was played so near our school-house, that, although so full of fun and excitement, it yet lacked the perils and adventure of sliding on the king of snow-hills, Drag Hill. This last was situated three miles back from our school-house, and was the highest and steepest hill in the neighborhood; and perhaps because we were not often allowed to go there, and that there were some perils attending the pleasure, it was all the more enjoyed. Rarity and the spice of danger lend charms to all boyish adventures.

But I must tell you the story of "Our Skirmish with the Townies" there.

There was one winter when sliding on Drag Hill became an uncertain and perilous pleasure. As with most boarding-school communities, collisions with the townies were not of unusual occurrence at all seasons; but heretofore in our school-life the townies had not proved very strong nor very frequent enemies, perhaps because of the fact that in our ranks were some old boys of mighty size and muscle, as well as pluck. But in the fall of the year I now write of, college, counting-room, and farm had taken from our number nearly all the big boys, and in our rambles through the village, and on Saturday picnics, the townies came to learn our weakness. "Halloo!" sometimes was our greeting from the butcher's steps or the steamboat omnibus,—*"Halloo! Academies,"* (because our school was in a building formerly the County Academy,) "where's Bullock and Gracie?—don't see them with you swell-heads lately; and Grant, and that hammer-headed old Big Bones—what's his name? I say, where are they all?" And we would answer, if in pretty

strong force, — "Oh! they were tired of this little jumping-off place. There was no one left for them to whip, so they cut."

"Hold up, impudence in buttons and blue!" (We wore a uniform of blue cloth and big buttons.) "Great Slingo! won't we just thrash some of you for that sass before you sees your mammas agen? Mind that, swellies!"

Old Mother Cracken, of whom we bought and ate mince-pies, buckwheat cakes, cheese, and candies on Saturdays, when flush with the week's spending-money, had a grandson about eighteen years of age, who had come home from somewhere that-fall. I believe he had been a hand on a New York market-sloop. At any rate, he was a rough-looking customer, and seemed to have taken up his station now behind Mother Cracken's counter, where his only duty on Saturdays was, apparently, to rest his elbows between the pies, and eye us fellows threateningly and contemptuously, as we tried, in most enthusiastic manner, to ruin our stomachs and dispense our pennies. The last was comparatively easy on a weekly capital of twelve and a half cents. But the other was almost a vain experiment, and during my school experience I knew only three who succeeded in making themselves sick enough to be excused from church on Sunday morning. One was Dick Burram; but he got a dollar bill from his father, who had been up to see Dick the day before, and he burst Mrs. Cracken's buckwheat bank; he said he ate fifty-three cakes and a pint cup of molasses. Another was little Nelly Wrang; but then he had a very small and bilious stomach to commence with, and I think his free Sunday was only the commencement of the measles. But old "Pudding Head" did it once on the week's twelve and a half cents — thus: six and a half cents' worth of buckwheats — twenty-six cakes, and a teacup of molasses; three cents' worth of mince-pie — half of a pie; four cocoa-nut cakes and a glass of ginger-beer were then stowed away, at a cost of three more cents; and when we got back to the Academy and were passing through the dining-room hall-way, the housekeeper's store-room door stood open, disclosing to sight an uncovered pickle jar. In popped "Pudding Head," and out he popped again with a mouth and two fists full of green cucumbers. He was *pretty sick*. I think he would have preferred going to church. And when Marley came from morning service that Sunday and saw the sick one lolling on the bed, he characterized his success as a sort of swindle. "Now look here, Pudding Head; your sick is a regular cheat. You never

did that with your spending-money; you know that very well. It was Mrs. Hote's pickles, and that was n't fair. Own up."

But I am losing sight of Mother Cracken's grandson in the steam of those Saturday feasts. I said his age was eighteen? Yes; but he was not tall for his years, only heavy, and what we used to call "spicy" looking. His cap always so far on one side you feared it would drop off, — a black, low-crowned cap, the top of which shone greasy with the bear's oil it had imbibed from Jake Cracken's hair. And how wonderfully were the anointed locks of Jake brought straight over his temples to the front. His broad, large-featured face, broader at the mouth like a bulldog's, was red and rather pimpled. His eyes were sharp and humorous; but mouth and forehead wore such a strange scowl, we could never tell whether he was about to laugh or on the point of swearing. His chin protruded in the impudent way a prize-fighter's is supposed to do when, having his "counter" ready to let out, he looks at his adversary to tempt him to the attack, as if to say, — "You can't touch my mug — no, you *can't*." Then there was the broad turn-over collar, low in the neck and somewhat soiled, tied with an immense black silk handkerchief; no coat — shirt sleeves rolled up to his strong shoulders — the undershirt sleeves fitting tightly and reaching only to the elbow, to show the muscles above and below. His pantaloons were short in the waist, without suspenders, and always tucked in the boots. Even in the coldest weather he wore no coat, though often carrying one over his shoulder, perhaps for the convenience of tobacco plug and jackknife.

I am particular in describing Jake Cracken, because his portrait, first impressed on my memory as he loomed and lolled over the counter, the Harpy of our Saturday feasts, became soon afterward our dread. In Jake, "Spicy Jake," the townies found "the coming man," — one to make the Academies tremble; and we, to our sorrow, knew there was no one boy among us to stand successfully against Mother Cracken's grandson.

However, there were those among us who were not to be turned from any accustomed path or sport by fear of Spicy Jake or any other champion. Go they would to skate or slide or roam the village, whether the townies could whip them or not.

Bill Hazelteen, a handsome, average-sized, fairly formed, quiet-voiced boy from a Florida plantation, — an excellent fellow, — favorite with the girls because of his black eyes and pleasant man-

ners, and favorite with masters and boys because of his decided character and upright principles,—first of all had no fear of Spicy Jake, and there were others also, companions of Bill in his independence.

What immunity, if any, Bill Hazelteen experienced from Jake's prowess, it is not my purpose just now to tell. That will come properly elsewhere.

Concerning the sliding? Jake robbed it of much pleasure for all of us, while some, rather than experience the constant annoyance of Jake and his low companions in snowballs, jokes, and thefts, stayed nearer home, where sliding was safer. The bullying misdemeanors of the townies, rejoicing in such a mighty leader, seldom led to a regular fight,—indeed only twice during that winter,—because as masses the townies and we were not very unequally matched. Indeed, I think then we were the strongest. Moreover, we had Right on our side, therefore an intuitive confidence in our cause; and probably the townies acknowledged in their consciences the same fact, and though they may never have read the lines in Shakespeare's "Henry VI.,"—

"Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted,"—

yet they *felt* them.

Sometimes they caught one of us alone on the top or at the bottom of the hill, and got off with such a one's sled before his companions could be summoned. The name being scratched off, the sled, repainted and renamed, would reappear in a week's time on the hill, the property of Spicy Jake's gang. They raced with us, and, being generally beaten, crowded us off the road, or else indulged their anger in oaths and threatenings. They took points on the hill-side and pelted us as we passed with snowballs—no, not always snowballs—too often, to our pain, were their missiles *ice*-balls. In a thousand ways they schemed to worry us.

Now, my brother Alfred was one of the younger boys in our school. His was a nature too gentle and refined for the coarseness and buffeting of a boarding-school world. At first in the new life he did not understand the oppressions and bullying that confronted him. He seemed not to comprehend why a blow should be his answer. Longing for home, confused and wounded by the strange treatment that met him, he bowed in a peaceable but perplexed way to the unkind usage of his companions. Boys are proverbially quick to read character.

They soon discovered that there was not a line of either meanness or cowardice in the new boy's disposition, and, laughing at his innocence and mildness, let him alone.

Before the few years passed away in which they and he were schoolmates together, the beauty of his character and the excellence of his mind were acknowledged. But a little event, which Spicy Jake had a hand in, first really introduced the under-spirit of Alf to his comrades. I have spoken of his gentleness; I wish I could convey besides an idea of his sensitiveness to injustice, his sympathy with the weak and slandered, his susceptibility to every thing genial or humorous; his warm affections, his antipathy to quarrelings, and even games depending on physical contest, and yet his courage. Modest and chivalrously upright, the boys and teachers knew him to be; his bravery they were to discover from the scene with Spicy Jake, and from other incidents afterward occurring.

Alf was among those who forsook the sliding on Drag Hill because of Jake and his comrades. As the winter went on, and each evening brought another report of some new outrage, theft, or challenge, most of those who now played on the hills near school feared more and more to venture again on Drag Hill, or congratulated themselves on their discretion in having beaten a retreat long ago; but not so Alf. His blood was stirred, and, pondering over what he heard and what he felt, he could not sleep at night, but tossed on his bed, questioning himself as to whether he were really *afraid* of those townies, stung by a sense of the injustice of such oppression, apprehensive lest the honor of the school might be in jeopardy.

Alf's bed was next to mine, and his restlessness awoke me one night. "Alf," I said, "what in the mischief is the matter? Why don't you go to sleep?"

There was no answer until I had repeated the question, and then he replied in a troubled voice,—*"O Charley, I can't sleep—if—if I am afraid of Spicy Jake! What a bully he must be! Charley, I shall go to Drag Hill with you to-morrow. Good-night!"*

"Good-night, Alf; but I don't know what you mean."

The next afternoon, after school hours and dinner, when Marley and Bill Hazelteen and some half a dozen more were starting for Drag Hill, Alf pulled his sled off with theirs.

"Halloa Alf," said Marley, "you going? Why, I thought you were one of those who were willing to let that mince-pie and buck-

wheat cake grandson drive us off Drag Hill. I thought you belonged to the philosophers, who had chosen the better part of valor."

We all laughed but Alf, who blushed, and only answered,—"Did you?"

As we walked on and drew near the hill, Bill Hazelteen said,— "Boys, Jake and his chaps are getting pretty troublesome. They seem to be spoiling for a regular row; but I think we had better keep quietly on, paying no attention to their blackguardism until they try to really *rub it in*— then— well, all I have got to say is, that if Jake can lick me, he *can*, but I sha'n't *stay* licked; and if you all say the same, forty Spicy Jakes can never drive us off Drag Hill."

There they were on the Hill before us,— about ten fellows,— Jake smoking a cigar that afternoon; all sliding. Among the sleds it was easy to recognize three which had once been ours.

As we were about ready for the first course, the townies returned to the top from their descent.

"My eyes! here is them 'cademy sweli-heads agen," sang out one; "come for a *nice* time, I guess. Don't they wish they may get it?"

"Hi!" said another, flapping his arms against his sides and crowing like a small hoarse Bantam rooster before he spoke—"Hi! what a rummy chicken that is," pointing to Alf; "don't remember to have set eyes on him afore. Just look at his *comb*, will you?" At which his comrades set up a shout, for Alf had on one of those scarlet hood-hats that were then getting fashionable in the cities, but which rather astonished country eyes.

Alf was off on his sled before the joke had died away, but in the volley of snowballs following us, one hit with some force the most attractive target— Alf's red cap.

In returning up the hill, Alf led the way with his sled, and on it he had placed a heavy log of wood which he had found and rolled on at the bottom of the hill.

"Why," said Bill Hazelteen, bursting into a laugh as he saw Alf's load and the quick way he was traveling up hill—"wñy, Alf, what are you about with that great log?"

"Oh, nothing much, Hazelteen," replied Alf; but I noticed that his face looked very set and pale, and that his words had a hardness in them I had never known before; "I am only going to keep my side of the road going up, and I sha'n't be driven into the snow by those rowdies.

If they want to try running down my sled, let them do it— that's all."

"Gracious!" exclaimed Hazelteen, "our 'chicken,' as the townies call him, is a *game* chicken. Who would have thought it? But, Alf, here they come full tilt, and I would n't be the *causa belli*. I would n't make the first overt act."

"I sha'n't. I leave that to them," and before Alf's answer was done, the townies were only half a gunshot off, shouting, "Out of the way, you swells! Off in the snow, I say, or we'll smash you to tinder!"

But Alf only moved far enough on one side to give the townies a sight of the log on his sled. It was enough. The rowdies steered back to their own side of the course, and dashed by, one after another, savage with rage, and swearing like pirates.

As we advanced to the top of the hill, and turned occasionally to notice our antagonists, who had finished the slide and started to plod up again, we noticed that they came slowly, and clustered together as they walked. Half way up, where there was a small curve in the road, they halted, and we saw them, in a moment, busy making snowballs, with which, from their chosen field of attack, to punish us, on our way down, for Alf's assertion of rights.

"Well, we must run the blockade as best we may," said one of us, when all were ready for another slide. "Come on!"

"Look here!" Alf spoke up, addressing himself to Marley and him who had said "Come on;" "you two go first, will you, as if you were racing? Draw the townies' attention. Then let me go next, and as soon as I am off, the rest of you follow, and do as I do, will you?"

"Why?" I asked, "what's the idea, Alf?"

"No matter! you'll see; come, let's be off!"

"Agreed," we said; and away went Marley and the other fellow with a hard run and slam. Alf followed with a plucky look in his face that argued mischief. The rest of us went after, close together, and a few rods behind him.

Do you know the stirring, delicious sensation—the sort of whirl and tingle—that courses through veins and brains, as you rush with a locomotive's speed down a steep, hard-beaten, ice-varnished hill, the whizz of the wind, the trees and fences tearing by, the sparkling glitter of the snow underneath? Do you know it? If so, you know a very wholesome, jolly excitement; and so we dashed along like a troop of noiseless cavalry on a charge.

Ahead we saw the two racers just passing the enemy, and the white storm that greeted them. It seemed as if they must be hit on every inch of their bodies. In a second more they were making ready for us, Spicy Jake, the central figure, being the most active. But — in the same second, Alf, instead of following the usual road-curve around where our adversaries stood, had steered directly across it, and his sled struck Spicy Jake low in the calves, and cast him — as the railroad engine's cow-catcher would strike a beast from the track — far on one side. We followed on the enemy's ground, and scattered the astonished townies, hurling them off their feet in a manner that crowned Alf's idea with brilliant success. The bottom of our coast was reached, and we looked at Alf and at each other as if to say, "How quickly it was all done!" but there was no time to laugh or rejoice over the deed yet.

Bill Hazelteen spoke first. "We must, probably, fight our way home. Let's start up the hill now, and b'ldly. Keep together — do your best — and don't give in. Jake will want to get at you, Alf, but he sha'n't. I'm his boy."

Up and forward we went, but — Hurrah! — there was no more fight in the townies that afternoon. One fellow's leg was out of joint, dislocated at the knee. They were pulling him

home on a sled as fast as two others could do it. Spicy Jake had a badly sprained ankle and a scratched face. He was limping along, helping himself by the shoulder of a comrade. The remainder had only suffered tumbles and what they call in the army demoralization. But the cursing and threatenings that assailed us as we came up to and passed our late oppressors! "—— you *carrión*" yelled Spicy Jake, perfectly blue in his scratched face with rage, and shaking his fist at us, "if I had a pistol I would blow the brains out of your swell-heads as quick as look at you! Never mind, in a week's time won't I give you ——?" I omit the oaths.

The redoubtable townies disappeared, and we were left to the full enjoyment of the hill. No sooner had our enemies gone than Bill Hazelteen rushed up to Alf with a handful of snow and washed his face therewith, shouting out, "We name thee, most plucky young one, Game Chicken!" and then with his strong arms he pinioned Alf's from behind, and, making his blushing, smiling, sensitive face front the rest of us, proposed three cheers for our Game Chicken.

I tell you we gave them with a roar that probably reached the discomfited townies.

VIEUX MOUSTACHE.

A FIRE IN THE WOODS.

ONE day when William Gay, and the young man named Watt Remsen, who worked upon the farm where he lived, were at work in the woods together, William found what he called a chimney.

This chimney was in reality the stump of a large tree which had been broken off or cut off about eight feet from the ground. It was gnarled and crooked in form, and as it had been standing many years since it lost its top, it was much decayed, and was entirely hollow, and thus formed a very good representation of a chimney, especially as there was a large opening near the bottom, which answered well for a fireplace.

William was at work in the thicket, a little way in from the wood road where the sleds were standing which they had brought for the wood, when he discovered this chimney. He immediately called out to Watt, to tell him what he had found.

"I mean to make a fire in it," said he.

"Very well," said Watt, "only I am almost ready to go on with my load. If your load is ready and you wish to have it taken to the house, you had better come on."

But William's load was not quite ready, and, besides, he was so much interested in making a fire in his new chimney that he felt strongly inclined not to go home with Watt that *bout*, as he called it, but to wait there until Watt should go home and return.

"You are coming back again for another load, I suppose?" said he.

"Yes," said Watt.

"Then how would it do for me to stay here till you come again?" he asked.

"It will do very well," said Watt, "if you are willing to stay alone. Though if you make a fire in your chimney, that will be company for you."

"Yes," said William, "so it will. I think I will stay."

So he took his match-box out of his pocket, and began to make preparations for kindling his fire.

"Watt," said he, pausing a few moments afterward from his work, "is there any danger in my staying here alone?"

"No," said Watt, "I think not."

"You will certainly come back?"

"No," said Watt, "not *certainly*."

"Why not?" asked William.

"Because some accident may happen to detain me," said Watt. "But then if any accident should happen, you can find your way home well enough alone."

"So I can," replied William. And so saying, he resumed his work of gathering dry sticks for his fire.

Presently, after another short pause, he stopped again.

"Mr. Remsen," said he, "are there any bears in these woods?"

"There are some bears in the mountains out back," said Watt, "but they do not very often come down here near the settlements."

"Suppose one should come while you are gone, and I am here all alone?" said William.

"I suppose if one should come," replied Watt, "he would be very much frightened when he saw you and the fire, and would make off again toward the mountains as fast as he could go. But if he should come near you, all you would have to do would be to throw fire-brands at him, and drive him off in that way."

"Or else," continued Watt, "you must climb up into a small tree, by means of the little branches, and then reach down and cut off the branches with your axe, to prevent his coming up after you. And if he should attempt to come up, you could split his head open with your axe."

"Yes," said William, "I'd hit him fair and square right between his ears."

"It would be an excellent thing if you could

kill him," said Watt, "for then I would help you skin him, and his skin would be a nice thing for you to spread over a smooth log on the top of your load, when you are hauling wood, to make a soft place for you to sit upon. Or you might have it to wrap your feet in, to keep them warm."

"Yes," said William, "I should like that very much."

William concluded, all things considered, that he would stay in the woods while Watt was gone, and amuse himself with his fire. So he went

on gathering sticks and pieces of half-decayed wood, until he had got together quite a store, and then he made a fire in his chimney. As soon as he had kindled the wood a little below, he looked up at the top to see if he could perceive the smoke beginning to come out. To his great delight he saw the smoke come curling up out of the top of his chimney, and soon afterward, as the fire began to burn more freely below, volumes of hot and rarefied air were seen pouring out, accompanied with many sparks, and by and by with occasional flashes of flame. After a time the flames from the fire mounted up through the whole length of the chimney,

and came out continuously from the top, with a roaring sound like that of a chimney on fire. In fact, the chimney was on fire.

While William was in the height of the excitement and pleasure which the success of his experiment afforded him, his attention was attracted by the sound of a distant voice calling out in imitation of an Indian war-whoop. At first William was startled a little, but a moment's thought convinced him that it could not be a bear that was coming, and the next moment he recognized the sound as the call of one of his playmates who lived in the neighborhood. His name was John Turner.

William answered the call, and before long John came to the spot. John was greatly de-



lighted to see the fire, and he helped William to gather more dry sticks and masses of decayed wood to crowd into the fireplace, which now glowed like an oven.

"I wish we had some apples to roast before our fire," said John.

"I wish so, too," said William. "If I had known that I was going to have such a good fire, I would have brought some apples."

Before a great while the stump burned off and fell over upon the snow, where it lay crackling, hissing, and smoking until the boys broke it up with the axe and piled the fragments together in the centre over the roots, where they began to burn again, and soon made another good fire. The boys sat down before it upon a log which they brought up to the place for the purpose, and put their feet out to warm them.

"I wish that bear would come," said William, "so that we might get his skin and put it on this log for a cushion."

"What bear?" asked John.

"Why, a bear that Watt and I were talking about," said William. "I was going to kill him and skin him, and have his skin to keep my feet warm."

"Ho!" said John, in a tone of contempt, "you could not kill a bear."

"Yes I could," said William. "I could kill him with my axe. I could split his head open."

So saying, William held his axe up, with the edge turned toward the fire, in a very threatening manner, as if he were going to strike a bear lying there.

"You would not *dare* to kill a bear," said John.

"Yes I should," said William. "If a bear came up to me, to bite me, I'd split his head open."

"You would not dare to," repeated John.

"Do you think I am a coward?" asked William, indignantly.

"You are coward enough for that," said John.

"I am not," said William.

"You are," said John.

"It's a" —

William was just going to say that it was a lie; but he checked himself in time to avoid committing this great rudeness, and only added, —

"I won't play with a fellow who calls me a coward."

"I did n't call you a coward," said John.

"You did," retorted William.

"Besides," added John, after a moment's

pause, "I don't care whether you play with me or not."

So saying, he rose from his seat on the log, and began to walk slowly and sulkily away.

What a foolish quarrel! And almost all the quarrels which arise among children when they are at play, are just as foolish as that.

John was the more ready to go off and leave William alone, because the fire had by this time nearly burned down, and so the fun seemed to be pretty much over. Still he did not go very far. He sauntered slowly along toward the place where William's sled had been left, and stood there with a sullen air, half hoping that William would call him back, or that something would occur which would furnish him with some excuse for going back of his own accord.

While waiting thus, he soon saw, at a turn in the wood road, a short distance before him, the heads of Watt's oxen coming into view. As they advanced, the bodies of the oxen and the sled, with Watt himself, sitting upon a chain drawn across between the front stakes, followed. Watt perceived at once by John's standing by himself in such an attitude, and with such a sullen expression of countenance, entirely away from William and from the fire, that there had been a quarrel, and that both the boys were probably out of humor.

Now, many persons, in such a case, consider that what they have to do is to inquire at once into the cause of the quarrel, in order to find out who has been to blame, and so endeavor to settle it amicably. But this, it seems to me, is a mistake. For while the children are under the influence of the ill humor which such a quarrel engenders, they are not in a mood to listen to reason. This is especially true of the one who is most to blame. He is usually the one who is most angry and unreasonable, and he will not see where the justice of the case lies, however plainly and clearly you may point it out to him.

Therefore, the first thing to do on such occasions, is to turn the minds of the children away from the quarrel altogether, so as to allow the resentment which it awakened in their minds to subside, and to make them good-natured again. Then perhaps they may be in a state to listen to reason, and to understand how far they were each to blame.

Watt understood this principle very well, and accordingly when he saw, as he did at a glance, how things stood between William and John, he at first made no allusion to any quarrel, nor did

he even appear to perceive that any thing was the matter, but thought only of devising some way of diverting their attention.

"John," said he, "has your fire pretty much burnt out?"

"Yes," said John sullenly.

"Well, I saw back here a little way," continued Watt, "a large hollow log lying on the ground, which would make you a nice chimney, if you could only contrive to set it up on end. It won't burn very well lying on the ground, for there would not be any draught. Tell William about it." Then turning to his oxen he began to call to them in his usual tone, as if to urge them forward a little faster, —

"Ha, Buck! Ha, Bright."

John stood for a moment, as if a little at a loss what to do. But soon he called out to William, —

"William!" said he, though speaking still in a somewhat sullen and ill-humored tone, "Mr. Remsen says there is a hollow log out here that we might set up on end and make a chimney of it."

"I don't care!" said William pettishly.

But though he said he did not care, he rose from his seat and began slowly sauntering toward the place where John was standing.

"Let us go and see it," said John.

In fact John was now beginning to feel a little ashamed of his quarrel, and the anger and resentment in his mind were dying away. It was the same also with William, — so, after a little hesitation, the boys went away together in the direction which Watt indicated, to find the log. Presently Watt heard William calling to him through the woods, —

"Halloo, Mr. Remsen!"

"Aye, aye!" shouted Mr. Remsen.

"We two boys could never lift up such a big log as this," said he, still calling out aloud, — "never in the world!"

Mr. Remsen smiled, and said to himself in a low tone, "I think very likely not, since it is fifty feet long, and as big round as a hog'shead." Then calling out to the boys, he asked, —

"Have you tried?"

"No," said William. "It's no use to try. Come and look at the log yourself."

"I can't come very well," said Watt; "but if you can't set the log up you will have to make your fire in it as it is, but it won't burn very fast, for there will not be any draught."

By this time the boys began to forget all about their quarrel, their resentment against each other being turned into astonishment at Watt's folly in

supposing that they could possibly lift up such a monstrous big log.

"I should have thought that Watt would have known better than that," said William.

"Yes," replied John. "But let us go to our old fire and bring some of the brands and make a fire in the log as it is."

"Well," replied William, "we will. But I don't see why there should not be as good a draught through the log when it is lying down as when it is standing up. I mean to ask Watt about it."

So the boys went for the brands, and soon returned with ample means of making a fire in one end of the hollow log. The smoke and flames, however, did not seem at first much inclined to pass on to the other end of the log, but lingered near the place where the fire was kindled. Some smoke did indeed, after a while, find its way to the farther end; but it came out there very slowly and sluggishly, as if that were not at all the course which it was naturally inclined to pursue.

By and by William and John went to Watt to ask him what the reason was that the fire would not burn so well in a hollow log lying upon the ground, as it would in one standing up on end. Watt said it was because hot air was lighter than cold, and so had a strong tendency to rise; and when there was a chimney, or a smoke pipe, or a hollow tree for it to pass up in, it went up with a rush, in proportion to the heat of the fire.

"And the longer the chimney the more furiously it rushes up," said Watt. "So in great manufactories they build very tall chimneys to make a great draught, and save the trouble of blowing the furnace fires with bellows. Sometimes they make these chimneys two or three hundred feet high."

"What a roaring they must make!" said William.

"Yes," replied Watt. "But the longest chimney that ever is made is the *upcast* of a coal mine."

"The *upcast*?" repeated John.

"Yes," said Watt. "There are two great shafts usually leading down into a coal mine, — or, rather, one leading down and the other leading up. They are like two monstrously large and deep wells. One is called the *downcast*, because it is the one that the air goes down in. The other is called the *upcast*, because there the air comes up. They build monstrous fires of coal at the lower end of the *upcast*, and that makes the *upcast* shaft an enormous chimney, and the hot air rushes up through it, sometimes nearly a thousand feet, to the surface of the ground. A thousand

feet is nearly a quarter of a mile long. Think of a chimney a quarter of a mile long!"

"Yes," said John. "What a roaring it must make!"

"Then the air rushes down the downcast," said Watt, "to take the place of that which is carried up the upcast by the draught, and they guide it by means of partitions all through the mine. That is the way they provide the miners with fresh air."

"That is very curious," said William.

"Yes," said Watt, "and you boys might make a mine some time in the snow, if you could only find a place where it is drifted deep enough. You could make one shaft for the upcast, and build a fire at the bottom of it, and so see the smoke and flame coming out at the top, from a hole in the snow."

"We'll do it, John," said William. "We'll do it this winter, as soon as the great snow-storms come to make us some deep drifts."

The fire in the log did not burn fiercely enough to make much amusement for the boys, and so before long William went back to his sled and resumed his work of loading it. John helped him, for the ill-humor which had been engendered by the quarrel had now entirely passed away.

When the two loads were ready, the whole party set out for home. John and William mounted up to the top of the big load, where they could see before them, and also could talk to Watt who was walking along the road by the side of the oxen. As the boys had now entirely recovered their good humor, Watt thought it was a good time for him to say something to them about their quarrel, with a view of making such a use of the difficulty that had occurred as should render the boys less likely to get into such a dispute at another time.

"You had a little difficulty, boys, had n't you," said he, "when you were playing at your fire?"

"Yes," replied William, eagerly, "and John went off and would n't play."

"That was because he said he did not want to play with such a fellow as I," replied John.

"That was because he said I was a coward," said William.

"That was because he said he was going to fight a bear and kill him with his axe, and I told him I did not believe he dared to do it."

"Was that all?" asked Watt.

"Yes," replied William, looking somewhat ashamed.

"I don't see that there was much to quarrel about after all," said Watt.

"No," said John, "there was not."

"It is a pity that boys should get into a quarrel," said Watt, "and spoil their play, all for such a little thing, especially as there is one magic word which, if they only knew it, and would use it, would save all the trouble."

"A magic word?" repeated William.

"Yes," said Watt, — "at least a word which has a magic effect in preventing all those quarrels that arise out of contradictions. About half the quarrels among children begin with contradictions, and all such quarrels my magic word would prevent."

"What is the magic word?" asked William.

"I don't think it would do much good to tell you," said Watt, "for I don't believe you would have the presence of mind and the self-control to speak it at just the right time. It requires a good deal of presence of mind and self-control sometimes to speak the word; but if you do speak it, it stops all quarrel."

"What is the word?" asked William.

"Possibly," replied Watt.

"Hoh!" exclaimed William, in a tone of disappointment. "That is no magic word at all. It is nothing but a common word, such as we talk every day."

"But if you try it some time," said Watt, "when you are tempted to contradict what another boy says, you will see what a magic effect it will have in stopping the quarrel. For instance, when John said that you were a coward, if you had only said *possibly*, and stopped there, how completely it would have prevented the dispute. Don't you see?"

William did not answer. He did not seem to like the idea of even admitting the possibility of his being a coward.

"And so with John," continued Watt. "If, when you said that you could kill a bear with your axe, he had only said *possibly*, there would not have been any dispute. Don't you see?"

The boys were silent.

"Either boy could have stopped the dispute at the beginning by just saying *possibly*," said Watt, "and that's what I call magic."

"I don't call that magic at all," said William.

"I do," replied Watt. "I don't believe in any other kind of magic than such as that. But you have not tried it yet. Try it the next time any body says any thing that you don't believe, or don't like, and see what an effect it will have."

William did not receive this advice very good-humoredly at the time, being disappointed at finding that the word was such a common one, and one having no magical or mystical form or character whatever. Still, upon reflecting on the subject afterward, it seemed to him that Watt's advice for preventing that class of quarrels which come from petty contradictions was very good, and he determined to try it on the first occasion that should occur.

Those who have read the story of the "Extemporaneous Party" in the January number, will remember, perhaps, that, besides Watt Remsen, there was another young man, named Augustus, on that farm, and that Augustus was not very kind to the children. Indeed, he was very unkind to them, and was very seldom willing to do any thing to please and accommodate them in any way.

Now it happened that one morning, a few days after the affair of the fire in the woods, William, when he came down to breakfast, learned that Augustus was sick. He had been taken suddenly, not long after he went to bed, and had been quite sick all night. He was now better, but still he was very weak and was unable to get up.

"I am sorry for him," said William.

"It is a lucky thing for *you* that he is sick," said Mrs. Gay.

"Why, mother?" asked William.

"Because it gives you a fine opportunity to do him a kindness," said his mother.

"But, mother, he never does any kindness to me, and how can he expect me to do kindness to him, even if he is sick?"

"That is just it," said his mother. "The fact that somebody is sick, or in trouble of any kind, and that we can help them, when they have never been kind to us, and so don't *expect* us to help them, gives us a fine opportunity."

William was silent.

"There is a great satisfaction in doing kindness to people that have always been kind to us, and so repaying them for the obligation. But there is a much higher and nobler satisfaction in doing good to people that have never done us any good at all; for then we feel that we are not acting selfishly in any sense."

William listened attentively while his mother was speaking, and seemed to be impressed with what she said, but he did not reply to it, and his mother then turned the conversation to some other subject. She did not wish to urge William to

do a kindness to Augustus, nor even to propose any particular thing for him to do, — for in that case the kindness would have been *her* act rather than William's, and William only the agent by which she performed it. Whereas she wished it to be *his* act altogether.

It so happened, by a singular coincidence, that the passage which William's father read that morning from the Bible, at family prayers, was this: —

"As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise."

"Not as they really *do* to you, but as ye *would* that they should do to you," said Mr. Gay, stopping a moment in his reading to explain. Then resuming his reading, —

"For if ye love them which love you, what thank have ye? for sinners also love those that love them.

"And if ye do good to them which do good to you, what thank have ye? for sinners also do even the same.

"And if ye lend to them of whom ye hope to receive, what thank have ye? for sinners also lend to sinners, to receive as much again.

"But love ye your enemies, and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again, and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be the children of the Highest: for He is kind unto the unthankful and to the evil.

"Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also is merciful."

After breakfast that morning William asked his mother what he could do for Augustus.

"I hardly know," said Mrs. Gay. "I don't know whether there is any thing in particular that he wants or not."

"I might perhaps make a fire in his room," suggested William.

"Yes," replied his mother. "If I were he, I should like a fire in my room very much."

"Would you go and ask him?" said William.

"Perhaps it would be as well to do it without asking him," replied Mrs. Gay. "People who are sick like to have us do what we think is best for them sometimes, without asking them too many questions about it."

"Well," replied William, in a tone of satisfaction, "I'll go and make him a fire. Will you help me, Mary?"

Mary said that she should be very glad to help him, and so the two children went together out into the shed. William selected from the wood-

pile some pretty large sticks of a kind that would not snap. For there are some kinds of wood which when they are burning snap, and throw out sparks, and burning pieces of coal occasionally, upon the floor; which would be a disagreeable thing to happen in a room where a person is sick. There are other kinds of wood which never snap in this way.

Why some kinds of wood snap and others do not, and indeed why any such phenomenon should occur at all, is a great mystery. It must be that it arises in some way from explosive gases of some sort imprisoned in the substance of the wood; but precisely how and by what means the effect is produced it is very difficult to explain.

At any rate William selected wood that was sure not to snap, and then taking up as many of such sticks as he could carry, and giving to Mary the basket, — which he had previously filled with chips, splinters, and other kindlings, with a few shavings on the top, — they both together proceeded to the door of Augustus's room.

"Now, Mary," said William, in a whisper, "you had better stay here outside, while I go in and make the fire."

"No," said Mary; "I must go in too and see you make the fire."

"Well," said William, "then you may go, but you must be very still."

"Yes," said Mary, "I will."

So they both went on tiptoe into the room, and William, after laying his wood down gently, began to build the fire.

Augustus seemed to be asleep. At least he lay perfectly still when the children first came into the room; but pretty soon they heard him moving a little as if he were waking up, and a moment afterward he said, in a gruff and scolding tone of voice, —

"What are you about there, children?" as if he supposed that they were engaged in some mischief.

"We are only making you a fire," said William.

"No," said Augustus, "I don't want any fire. It will only be tumbling down and rolling out on the floor."

"But we have pulled the andirons out," replied William, "and are making the fire down on the hearth, so that it can't fall; and I have got wood that won't snap."

Augustus said no more, but, restlessly changing his position, seemed inclined to go to sleep again. So William and Mary went on making the fire. William put some large sticks down upon the

hearth behind the andirons, and then laid the shavings upon the top of them, over the crevices, and some chips and splinters over the shavings, and one or two more large sticks over those. Then he lighted the shavings with a match, and his fire was made.

"We will wait a few minutes," said he, in a whisper, to Mary, "to see if it is going to burn."

A fire made in that way of dry wood was sure to burn. The flame from the shavings curled up among the chips and splinters, and soon set them all on fire. William and Mary warmed their hands by the blaze, and watched it for some minutes, speaking to each other all the time only in the gentlest of whispers.

At last William placed the andirons snug up against the fire, to prevent the possibility of any portion of it rolling out upon the hearth, and then he and Mary went away, walking out on tiptoe as they had come in.

Although William and Mary had not received any thanks from Augustus for what they had done, they still felt already a good deal of satisfaction in having done it. A part of this satisfaction was undoubtedly the pleasure of making a fire. William always liked to make a fire, no matter where or how, but this was not by any means the only source of his gratification in this case. A large part of it was the pleasure it affords a generous mind to do good to those who are suffering, or are in distress of any kind, whether they are grateful for it or not.

When William went down - stairs, — for Augustus's room was up a small flight of back-stairs narrow and winding, — he asked Mary Ann what she was going to get for Augustus, for his breakfast.

"Some tea and toast," said Mary Ann.

"Let me carry it up to him," said William.

"And me too," said Mary.

"No," said William. "There can't but one of us carry it. Mary Ann will put it all on a waiter, and so it will all go up together, and you are not strong enough to carry such a big waiter. Besides, your arms are not long enough."

Mary looked disappointed, but she said nothing.

William was quite *inconsistent* with himself in refusing to allow Mary to carry up part of the breakfast. We say a person is inconsistent with himself when he says or does two things which do not go well together. Here he was taking a great deal of pains to do something for Augustus's enjoyment, and at the same time refusing to take any pains to give pleasure to Mary. The same principle, of desiring to make others happy,

which prompted him to give Augustus his breakfast, should—if he had been consistent with himself—have led him to allow Mary to help carry it up.

The thought of this came to his mind just after he had told Mary that she was not strong enough to carry the waiter, and he immediately added,—

"Yes, Mary. You shall carry the sugar-bowl. He will want some sugar in his tea, and you shall carry the sugar-bowl. He will think you have the best part of all his breakfast to bring."

Mary was much pleased with this arrangement, and so Mary Ann put the tea and the plate of toast upon a small waiter, and gave it to William, and also gave the sugar-bowl, without the cover, to Mary; and thus provided the two children went up the narrow winding stair again to Augustus's room.

Augustus was lying with his back toward them, but as soon as he heard their footsteps he said, speaking in a feeble but fretful tone of voice,—

"Children, are you coming again? What do you want now?"

"We've come to bring you some breakfast," said William.

"I don't want any breakfast," said Augustus. At the same time, however, he turned his head, so as to see what the children were bringing. As soon as he saw the waiter with the cup of tea upon it, he began to try to lift himself up a little in the bed, resting upon his elbow, so as to be able to take the tea.

"Don't you want some sugar in it?" said Mary, taking up some of the sugar from the bowl with the spoon.

"Of course I do," said Augustus. "Why did n't Mary Ann put in the sugar herself downstairs?"

There was no reply to be made to this question, and so Mary simply put in as much sugar as Augustus desired, and then, after she had stirred it in, Augustus, taking the cup, drank the tea all off at a draught, and immediately lay down again and shut his eyes.

"Here is some toast, too, for you, Augustus," said William.

"I don't want any toast," said Augustus. "Put it down to the fire."

So the children put the toast down by the fire, and then crept off softly on tiptoe out of the room.

William went and told his mother that he and Mary had been to carry up Augustus his breakfast, adding,—

"But we can't do any thing with him, he is so cross."

William then went on to relate all that had occurred, and repeating all the tart and curt replies that Augustus had made to them.

Mrs. Gay laughed and said,—

"He is not very polite, I must admit. But never mind. You must not be discouraged. It reminds me of a text."

"What text?" asked William.

"It is this," said Mrs. Gay, "and it is a very good text indeed,"—

"Let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

J. A.

AN IRON MINE.

WHEN Alice and I were in Lakeville, Connecticut, a few weeks ago, we drove out to see the Iron Mine, or, as the people there call it, the "Ore Bed." After a pleasant drive of two miles through charming scenery, we came to the Company's Office, a dirty little wooden building, stained with the reddish dust from the ore, and having close beside it a platform for weighing the ore in the wagons before it is sent off. Leaving our horse here, we walked a few rods to the mine, and went down.

Now do not imagine us meeting with romantic adventures, being let down a dark hole in a bucket, or crawling with candle in hand through nar-

row galleries in the rock dripping with water, or sparkling with crystals and stalactites. Some mines may be like that, but the Lakeville mine is a very simple and prosaic affair, being merely a big hole in the ground, perhaps as deep as the highest house in New York, and four or five times as long and wide. A broad, substantial road winds around the sides from the level of the ground to the bottom, by which the ore is drawn up in strong wagons, to be carried to the furnaces. Coming to the edge of the pit, you can look almost straight down fifty or sixty feet or more, to the bottom, and see the men digging with crowbars and picks, drilling to prepare for blasting, or load-

ing masses of ore into the wagons. The sides are mostly either solid rock, or clay of various colors, curiously furrowed in channels by the rain, but all more or less tinged by the reddish brown of the ore. Even the puddles of water, rising from springs in the bottom, are of this muddy hue.

We walked perhaps half way down by the road, and there Alice sat down on some boards where she could see the whole, while I went down to take a nearer view, and get some specimens for my mineral cabinet. The ore is a heavy black or brown stone, sometimes soft or crumbly enough to be dug out with picks, but more often requiring to be blasted. They fired two blasts while we were there. After thumping for two or three hours, till they have drilled a hole deep enough, they put in some powder; then a fuse,—which is a small rope with some composition in the centre that will burn slowly; then they fill the hole with sand, light the fuse, shout "Fire!" and scramble to some place of safety, followed by all the workmen around. Then come a few moments of silent expectation, a puff of white smoke, a muffled "*bang!*"—bits of rock splash into the puddles around, and the men return to their work again.

Sometimes they find small cavities in the rock, all lined with black icicles, or things of pretty much that shape, but composed of the hard black ore, with their rounded surfaces shining like a polished boot. We got some pretty pieces of these, and some other specimens, and then walked back to our carriage.

One precipitous wall, thirty or forty feet high, was pointed out to us as the scene of an adventure last winter. A man was driving a cow in the field at the top, when she perversely turned toward the edge. The man vainly tried to stop her, and finally, just at the brink of the precipice, seized her by the tail and tried to hold her back. But the obstinate beast only pulled him over too; and down they came together on the frozen ground below. The cow paid for her perverseness with her life, but the man was very little hurt.

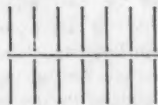
It would have been pleasant to follow a load of the ore to the furnace, some miles away, and to see how the iron is extracted from it. When it comes there, it is first roasted—that is, heated in the air so as to dry it and crumble it finer. Then it goes to the furnace itself. This is a brick tower or chimney, lined with fire-brick, and shaped somewhat like a kerosene-lamp chimney, but closed at the bottom, and twenty or thirty feet

(or more) in height. In this the fire is urged to the highest intensity by streams of air driven in at openings near the bottom; and usually this "blast" is previously heated hot enough to melt lead, which is found to make the fire more effective, and save fuel. Then the furnace is supplied at the top with proper quantities of roasted ore, coal or charcoal, and lime; and month after month the fire burns on, these materials being constantly poured in, the hot blast rushing in from the blowers, and the iron and slag being drawn off by separate openings near the bottom.

How the ore that is put in comes out iron needs some explanation for those who have not studied chemistry. The ore, as it is dug, has mixed with it a good deal of refuse, such as clay, quartz, and other earthy substances; and the pure ore itself, which mineralogists call *hematite* and chemists *oxide of iron*, is a compound of iron with oxygen,—one of the gases of the air we breathe. When then, in the fierce heat of the furnace, the clay and all such stuff meet the lime, they are by its aid melted down into a sort of impure glass, which floats on the surface of the melted iron, and is called *slag*. This is the use of the lime.

At the same time the coal or charcoal (chemically called carbon) takes the oxygen from the oxide of iron, and combining with it produces carbonic acid, a gas which is always formed when carbon is burned with oxygen. This flies off at the top of the furnace, together with much more of the same gas, produced by the burning of that part of the coal which merely serves for fuel.

Thus then most of the carbon, with the air, produces the heat, some of it takes away the oxygen from the iron, and the rest of the impurities are carried off by the lime, leaving the iron free. This settles to the bottom of the furnace, with the melted slag floating on it. From time to time these are both drawn off through holes, which usually are kept stopped up with clay. Then the stream of liquid iron, glowing like fire, runs into channels in a bed of sand, arranged something like this, where it cools into solid metal. The workmen have compared this arrangement to a sow, with a litter of pigs around her,



and so the bars that are cast in the side channels (two or three feet long) are called "pigs of iron."

This is cast iron; it is not pure iron, because it contains some of the carbon that was so abundant in the furnace, and a little also of the earthy

impurity. To free it from these, it is heated again in a different kind of furnace, then hammered under immense hammers, sometimes weighing many tons, and squeezed between great iron rollers. It thus finally comes out in the state of

bar or wrought iron, much purer than cast iron, softer, tougher, and much harder to melt.

Extracting the crude iron from the ore is called *smelting*: working over this pig iron into wrought iron is called *puddling*. M. S. B. JR.

THE PROFESSOR'S FOX.

A SLY old fox once lived at ease
In learned Cambridge town,
The much-loved pet of Agassiz,
That scholar of renown.

Sir Fox was handsome, red, and sleek;
His tail was thick and long;
His mien was quiet, grave, and meek,
Like one who did no wrong.

His chain's length only could he run
About the yard by day,
And in his house, when day was done,
Fast collared still, he lay.

One morn a neighbor came in haste;
"My honored friend," said he,
"That fox of yours enjoys the taste
Of Bolton-grays, I see."

"What mean you, sir? My fox, I own,
Like any prince is fed;
He sometimes gets a chicken-bone,
Sometimes a turkey's head."

"Perhaps he helps himself to fare
More dainty than you know;
I've no more fatted hens to spare,
And plainly tell you so."

"Ah! you mistake," the other cried
With gesture of relief;
"By day and night my fox is tied,
Some weasel is the thief."

"My friend, full well I know your fox;
I saw him, tail and all,
As, holding fast my best of cocks,
He leaped the garden wall."

"A prowling cat you chanced to see,
And anger dimmed your eyes,
Till in the night it seemed to be
A thief of larger size.

"But I will watch, your doubts to clear;
Though he a wizard be,
He shall not leave his kennel here
But I his trick will see."

That night the moon full lustre shed
Upon the sleeping world,
And saw the fox upon his bed
In quiet slumber curled.

The watching stars, with laughing eyes,
Peeped out to see the fun;
They knew the fox would soon surprise
Another watching one.

Before the rosy morning dawned,
When men most soundly slept,
Old Redskin shook himself and yawned,
And from his kennel crept.

Before his door upon the ground
Like one who meant to stay,
He sat: while furtively around
He peered in every way.

He seized his collar with both paws,
He tugged hard at his chain;
Then stopped to smack his hungry jaws,
And pulled away again.

This time the struggle set him free:
Amazed, his master found
The fox had gained his liberty;
The ring was on the ground.

Then swift, with noiseless, stealthy tread,
Across the dewy lawn,
With hunger keen, old Redskin sped,
And quick from sight was gone.

Soon came a cackling, frightened sound
Of hens, from peaceful rest
Disturbed by one whom they had found
A murderous, cruel guest.

The little stars their golden eyes
Were twinkling now with fun ;
The fox, they knew, would soon surprise
Again that watching one.

Once more, across the dewy green
The wily fellow glides ;
With sneaking, yet contented mien,
And newly fattened sides.

He licked his chops, as if to say,
" I've had a glorious meal ;
And there are twenty chickens more
Cooped up for me to steal."

Upon the grass by his kennel-door
He rubbed his smiling jaws,

And sharply looked around once more, —
His collar in his paws.

Then quick he slipped his red head through,
Put on his meekest face,
And to his bedroom snug withdrew,
With honest, charming grace.

There down the rascal laid his head
And closed his wicked eyes ;
While stars grew pale, and morning spread
Her blush upon the skies.

I hope for his next morning meal
The villain waited long ;
Till gnawing hunger made him feel
The grief that follows wrong.

M. H.

MARRYING FOR THE SAKE OF A DOG.



has written other books, which are full of pleasantry, for he is not often dull. One of these books was written for children especially, and is called *La Mère Gigogne, et ses trois filles*, or, "Talks and Stories about Natural History," for Mother Gigogne is, in French fairy tales, the same as Dame Nature with us. In this book, which tells in a familiar way about common things in Nature, plants, minerals, and animals, there are short stories here and there. One of these stories is, "How my Friend Cabassol married to please his Dog." I don't think I believe it ; it certainly does not sound as if it really happened ; but you can see for yourself, for here it is.

My friend Cabassol used to say that a family, to be quite complete, should consist of a father and mother, a son and daughter, and a dog. There was a time indeed when he never would have said it, but that was when he was a bachelor ; for he was the crustiest, most growling bachelor that I ever knew. He lived by himself in the country, where he smoked his pipe and read his books, and took care of his garden, or walked over the fields with his dog. Yes, he had a dog, a perfect one, named Medor, and in those days he thought a perfect family consisted of a man and his dog. Indeed he said once, when I was there too, that Medor was his best friend ;

THOSE who have read the graceful story of "Picciola" may not know that Saintine, the author of it,

and yet it was I that gave him the dog. Medor had belonged to a widow lady living at *St. Germain en Laye*, who thought the world of him, but was in constant fear lest he should be shot; for Medor was a born hunter, and the forest park at *St. Germain* was an inviting field for four-footed as well as two-footed hunters. The keepers of the Park declared they would shoot Medor if they caught him there again; so his mistress begged me to save his life by finding for him a new master. I thought at once of Cabassol, and I could not have found a better master. He and Medor became at once fast friends, and understood each other perfectly. They were made for one another, and were always together. If Cabassol went to walk, Medor went with him. If the master ate dinner, the dog had his at the same time; and it really seemed as if Cabassol were right, and that they made a perfect family.

But one day, when Medor's nose was in his plate, and he seemed to be thinking of nothing but his dinner, he suddenly raised his head, and trembling from head to foot, began to howl and whine in the most piteous and unaccountable manner. The door-bell rang; Medor sprang forward, and when Cabassol joined him, he found him rolling in an ecstasy of joy at the feet of a stranger, and leaping up and down as if beside himself. It was, as you have guessed, his old mistress, who had moved from *St. Germain* to live in Paris, and had taken this journey for the sake of seeing her old friend Medor. She cried at the welcome her dog had given her. She had come, she said, to ask him back again, for now that she lived in Paris, there was no longer any danger of his life from the foresters. Would not Monsieur Cabassol permit her to have Medor again? She would gladly pay whatever he chose to ask for Medor's board during the three years he had been absent from her, and a round sum besides.

Cabassol looked at her in a furious manner! Give up his dog? never! "I will not sell my friend at any price," he cried, and gave a rude shrug of his shoulders, which said as plainly as words, "Go about your business, madame." The lady bitterly reproached him, and grew very angry, not because he had treated her so rudely, which was reason enough, — she did not mind that, — but because he was likely to make Medor die of grief, by refusing to give him up to her.

"See!" she cried, "he has never ceased to regret me. He still loves me, and no one else."

These last words enraged Cabassol; they aroused his pride, and, determined to show her that Medor loved him best, he said, —

"Come! I have a plan which will soon show you whether Medor loves you more than me. We will go together to yonder hill which lies between my house and Paris. There we will separate. You shall go down the southern path, and I will take the northern, that comes back to my house. Medor shall belong to whichever one of us he chooses to follow."

"Very well," said she, "I am agreed;" for she was confident that the dog would follow her. Medor did not quite understand the agreement, but he saw that the two people whom he loved best had shaken hands and stopped quarreling, and were now talking politely together. He was full of delight, gamboling about them, and petted by both. Cabassol, though a crusty bachelor, as I said, was, after all, a pleasant companion when he chose; and now, feeling some pity for the lady, who must be disappointed, he began to talk and to make himself quite agreeable, for she was his and Medor's guest, after all; and the widow-lady, sorry for the loss which she was to cause him, and feeling happy at recovering Medor, was in high spirits, and made herself quite entertaining.

When the time came for her to go, the three walked slowly together to the top of the hill, — the two I mean, — for Medor was frisking about them in great glee. At the top they separated, and Cabassol went at once down the northern slope, while the lady went down the southern, and Medor bounded after her. But in a moment he perceived that his master was not with them; he ran back to him: then he saw his mistress was not following, but was keeping on in her path; he ran back to her: then to Cabassol, who was still keeping on in his path; then to his mistress; then to Cabassol, then to his mistress; then, — and so up and down, backward and forward, the road becoming longer and steeper each time. He could not make up his mind which to leave; he could not understand it at all: he went first to one, then to the other, ten times, and then ten times more, while they, without turning about or saying a word, kept straight on in their separate paths. At last, poor Medor, out of breath, the sweat pouring from him, his tongue hanging out of his mouth, fell down completely exhausted, on the very top of the hill where they had separated; and there, turning his head first to the right and then to the left, he tried to follow, with his eyes at least, the two beings to each of whom he had given half his heart.

Cabassol, meanwhile, saw how the poor dog fared, for each time he returned to him he was

panting harder. He was seized with pity for him ; he resolved to give back Medor to the lady, else he saw that Medor would surely die. He turned up the hill and came to the top.

At the same moment the lady came up the hill from the other side ; she, too, out of pity for Medor, had resolved to sacrifice her own feelings and suffer Cabassol to keep the beloved dog. They met at the top over the poor fellow, who was now wagging his tail in a feeble manner, to express his delight.

But how could they make the poor animal submit to a new separation ? if he were to go with either alone, it would break his heart.

Cabassol reflected. He saw only one way of getting out of the difficulty, and that was to marry the lady. Would she have him ? Yes, for Medor's sake. And so they married to please the dog ; and Cabassol came to say, as I told you at first, that a perfect family consists of a father and mother, son and daughter, and a dog.

ONLY A FLY.

OF what use is a fly ? Its only object seems to be to keep up a continual buzzing, just when his company is least wanted, butting his head with apparent relish against the wall or window-pane, and playing an endless game of cross-tag in the middle of the room with his companions, resting from his sports to sip sweets, and perhaps ending his day in a milky grave or sticking fast in the molasses jug. Yet really so important is he that without flies the world would soon lose its inhabitants, unless something were sent in their place to do their work. Humble and insignificant as he looks, the Fly has long puzzled the brains of the wisest men, and after years of careful study they have been able to find out only a part of the many mysteries which surround his every movement.

I will try to tell you something of what has been learned about our little friend, — for a friend he is indeed, although like many others of the world's benefactors, who do their good deeds silently and without any flourish of trumpets, he gets little credit, but is continually getting into hot water for what are counted as sins on his part. I hope when you find out that there is so much to be learned about the Fly you will get hold of some interesting book that will tell you all you wish to know, and a great deal more that you never dreamt of.*

All insects have six legs, unless they have met with accidents such as you have often seen when you have caught a "hopper-grass" to see him "make molasses." After a few struggles away he goes, leaving a quivering leg in your fingers, and for the rest of his short life he hobbles about like one of our poor crippled soldier laddies ; for insects do not grow new legs like lobsters, and I

am very much afraid that he does not find any kind Sanitary Commission to bind up his wounds and give him a fresh start in life with a Palmer Leg.

They do not breathe through their mouths, but by means of a great number of little pipes which run through them lengthwise, like the gas-pipes under our streets, having openings here and there on the sides of the body where the fresh air is drawn in. These little openings are very curiously contrived, — in some cases being protected by tiny trap-doors opening on hinges, in others having a strong grating over them of very coarse hairs. You will see from this that it is worse than useless to snip an offending insect in two with a pair of sharp scissors ; for as he does not use his mouth for breathing purposes, and as his brain is not confined to his head but runs all through his body, he will live for many hours in this mutilated state. In fact some insects never eat a mouthful after they are full grown ; so that if you cut off their heads, you only bother them, because they cannot see where to lay their eggs.

Insects have from two to five eyes. Two large eyes called Compound Eyes, because they are made up of many thousand little eyes united, like a bundle of six-sided spy-glasses tied together, large at one end and very small at the other, and looking under the microscope like an old-fashioned patch-work quilt, or rather like the meshes of a very fine net. Then there are sometimes three little eyes in addition to the large ones, placed generally on top of the head, as nine-pins are arranged when one is going to play "Cocked Hat," although they occasionally vary their position.

All insects are provided with *antennæ*, which are those little, many-jointed projections extend-

* I can recommend to old and young, *The Earth Worm and the House Fly*, by James Samuelson. London: 1858.

ing from the head near the eyes somewhat like reindeers' horns. These are probably used for feeling, smelling, and hearing with, although their uses have not been definitely settled. They vary much in appearance; sometimes resembling Indian clubs, sometimes fringed like a fir-tree, notched like a saw, plumed like a feather, or armed with teeth like a comb. A few insects have no wings, others have two, others four, but none more than that number.

Insects pass through several stages of existence before they become fully developed. Most of them are hatched from eggs; they then pass into the larva state, in which they are called caterpillar, maggot, or grub, according as they are to become butterfly, fly, or beetle. In course of time they go into the pupa, or mummy state, from which they emerge ready for action as perfect insects. In some classes these distinctions are not so strongly marked.

Having glanced very briefly at the general structure of the insect world, I wish to dwell a little more particularly on the structure and habits of the Fly. If you catch one of the poor, half-frozen little hermits which stay with us all winter, carefully hidden away in some dark corner, and warm him by degrees till he is able to move about, and then examine him closely, you will be astonished at the many strange things you will see probably for the first time, and if you use a microscope your wonder and admiration will know no bounds. You will find six legs, armed each with two sharp little toes; two big eyes covering nearly the whole of the head, and the three little eyes arranged in a triangle; two transparent wings strengthened by a net-work of veins, and covered with fine hairs to protect them from wear and tear; a pair of tiny winglets, and on each side of the body a little knob which serves for unknown purposes. On closer examination of his mouth you will find a proboscis, or trunk, like an elephant's; this is really nothing but the lower lip lengthened and armed with three lancets, with which it punctures its food, or exasperates bald-headed old gentlemen. The end of the lip is flattened and grooved like the bottom of a meat-dish for the gravy. Of course it is easy enough for the Fly to eat soft substances; but how do you suppose he manages when he encounters a lump of sugar for instance, when that is sometimes too much for children's sharp little teeth even? His Creator has provided him with a fluid which, running down little canals in his trunk, dissolves the sugar gradually, so that it becomes a sort of treacle, and then he easily sucks it up

through the same little canals. The wings are like battledores, consisting of frames with transparent coverings stretched tightly over them on both sides.

The great mystery of flydom, and that which has caused so much study and investigation, is in the fact of the Fly apparently reversing the laws of gravity and running about, as we every day see on our ceilings, upside down. How they could do this without tumbling off was the grand puzzle. On examining the foot closely under a microscope you will see that it is armed with two little claws, protected by fleshy pads, covered with hairs. Each little hair is enlarged at the end, making a little disk like a "sucker," and this "sucker" is kept constantly moist by a fluid continually exuding. The little claws catch on the rough points of any surface, and the moment that this is done, the little "suckers" take hold and serve to keep him in place till he is ready to move on, when raising himself on his claws the disks loosen one by one, and away he runs nimbly, repeating this maneuver whenever it is necessary.

The speed of a fly on the wing is truly wonderful, when we take his diminutive size into account. According to Kirby and Spence, the common house-fly, when undisturbed, makes six hundred strokes with its wings in a second, and when necessary can increase its velocity sixfold. Let this same fly grow to the size of an eagle, and its capacities increase equally, and it would travel through space with the velocity of lightning. To produce this speed and all the other movements which a fly is continually making, what an immense quantity of muscles is necessary; and we can scarcely find words sufficient to express our wonder and admiration at the manner in which these innumerable muscles are packed away in this tiny framework where they will have the greatest effect with the least interference.

Did you ever notice a fly flying back down? You will probably all say "No!" and yet when you come to reflect you will remember having often seen the Fly start from the wall when pretty near the ceiling and without turning over fly toward the ceiling, all the time looking up with his two big eyes, and down toward the floor with his three little eyes.

There is one fact in the natural history of flies that is generally very little understood, and what is true of flies is equally true with regard to all insects. It is that flies once hatched into the winged state never grow any more, either smaller or larger. If he is hatched a small fly, small he remains all the days of his life; but

if born large, why then a giant among flies he lives his short life, but never does he add the smallest part of a cubit to his stature. His growing and most of his eating has been done in childhood. Then he leads the life of a glutton, eating with apparent relish the most loathsome things, reveling in all sorts of impurities, and waxing very fat and aldermanic, as do most large eaters in the human tribe. He becomes a sort of bloated aristocrat; but with his new life he has turned over a new leaf, — his whole habits have changed. He is no longer of the earth earthy, but daintily sips the sweets which Dame Nature so bountifully spreads for him. An old writer well observes, "How few of us are aware that all these creatures now buzzing so loudly above our heads once crawled beneath our feet!" The fact is that our little friend passes his childhood in a very dirty nursery. The baby Fly, which is a small white worm, without feet, commonly called a maggot, is generally hatched from an egg of, which his lady mother has laid about one hundred and seventy.

Now you must bear in mind that there are several hundred different varieties of flies, and of these quite a number are daily visitors at our bed and board; so that you must not think that all of that noisy provoking tribe, which bothers us so fearfully whenever we are particularly busy and easily disturbed by trifles, or when we are particularly lazy and try to take cat-naps, are brothers and sisters; some are only first and second cousins, and others are even more distantly related. Nor are their nurseries all alike. Some are hatched from eggs dropped on meat by the great buzzing Blue-bottle Fly, which in a few hours hatch out very active maggots. These grow so rapidly that in twenty-four hours they have increased two hundred times in bulk. The Butcher's Fly, unlike the other flies, does not lay eggs, but drops upon the meat the young worm ready for its appointed duty. Many eggs are hatched by the warmth of the stable and dung-hill; whilst others are found in decaying vegetable matter, and still others in dirty ditch-water.

Many of you have heard of, if not actually seen, the "skipper" in the cheese, which is thought by some to add greatly to its flavor. This is nothing more nor less than the very active baby of a pretty, shiny, black fly, with a queer round little body the color of jet. The little worms can be seen in any old piece of cheese, skipping about in a very nimble way. They twist themselves, like the "India Rubber Man" at the circus, till they make extremes meet, bringing head and tail to-

gether, and then they suddenly let go, and away they skip to some remote part of the cheese.

To return to our baby, who never stops eating after it is hatched. After a week more or less of this greedy display of gluttony, this same little worm, now very fat and plump, having fulfilled a part of its mission, concludes, like New Yorkers on the first of May, to change its lodgings; so down it goes into the ground to visit its friends the earthworms, who are great travelers and have lots to tell it of what they have seen in their journeyings to and fro; but in the midst of their story-telling the earthworms find their listener suddenly gone to sleep, its skin having gradually hardened until it looks very much like a miniature Egyptian mummy.

For several days it sleeps in its barrel-like covering, but in its sleep very strange things are happening inside its tiny coffin. The wings and legs, and various organs of life and sensibility, are by degrees formed, and he is ready for his second life. Pushing open the upper part of its case, which acts as a box-lid, the perfect Fly struggles out. At first, a very sorry looking object; but as it feels the fresh air it grows more lively, its wings expand and become firmer, the moisture dries from off its body, and in a few minutes away he flies as though he had always been a fly, and not that this was his first experiment at aerial sailing.

If the Fly we have so carefully watched is a female she soon finds a husband, and a fine honeymoon they must have, moving about from flower to flower, tasting the sweets, and very thankful ought they to be if they escape even for a few short hours the many snares Nature and man have laid for them. In a few days she begins to lay eggs in her turn, to be hatched in the same way, and so the same old story is ever repeating itself.

Linnaeus has said that "Three flesh flies and their babies would eat up a dead horse much faster than a lion." Meat is said to be spoiled when filled with maggots, and good housekeepers grumble accordingly; but I think that if my young readers stop to reflect they will see that where one pound of good meat is spoiled in this way, many pounds of putrefying flesh, the remains of dead animals all over the world, which, if left alone, would soon breed pestilence and death, are in this manner quietly and speedily disposed of. And thus you see that they are really blessings in disguise. Nothing has been created without an object, and we now begin to perceive some of the reasons why flies were created.

The young of some flies, living in dirty water, in the course of time purify the water, and so prevent the bad airs which always arise from stagnant water, generating fevers and other kindred diseases. Others, living in stables and dung-hills, by their constant labors perform the duties of scavengers, ridding the earth's surface of an immense quantity of obnoxious matter. Others, living in decaying vegetable matter, aided by a great army of grubs, do their good work surely and speedily.

You have all seen Kitty, when stretched before the fire, calmly proceed to give herself a dry wash ; but did you ever notice a fly, basking in the sunlight, standing on four legs and using his two fore-legs as though they were hands, and giving himself a thorough cleaning ? His legs are covered with short stiff hairs which serve as brushes, and with these he carefully removes all little impurities that may adhere to his delicate body, for, like Kitty, our little friend is very particular. By continual attention to his toilet in manhood, he would seem to be making up for his slovenly ways in childhood.

There is still another mystery about the Fly. We have already seen whence it comes, but where it goes has puzzled a good many wiser heads than yours or mine. Of the vast number of eggs laid, many, owing to a great variety of causes, never hatch. Of those that are hatched, immense quantities are destroyed in childhood, whilst of those that survive the perils of youth, myriads are killed by the ingenuity of man, who has contrived many different articles for their destruction ; many are betrayed to their own deaths by their fondness for the sweet things of this world, which often leads them to taste poisonous goodies ; birds and animals eat many, whilst the great object in life of the spider seems to be to spread his net — delicate as gossamer but strong as steel — where the unwary fly shall get entangled, and so feed him and his wife, but not his little ones ; for as a general thing these are not born till the male spider is dead and the female ready to die, so as to make room for them. Many, rashly venturing too near the river's edge, fall victims to the hungry fish, who, madly leaping from the water, make pleasant music in the

ears of expectant anglers. And who has not been amused watching Tom the cat, or Bruno the dog, the very picture of lazy happiness, basking in the sun, winking and blinking with sleepy eyes, but with just animation enough left to snap up the troublesome flies, serving as little luncheons, just as you eat ginger-snaps between meals. Immense numbers are benumbed by the chilly breath of autumn, and soon die. Besides all these perils, many die of a strange disease. When the cool weather comes, the flies, who during the summer months have been flying about in the sunshine, come into the houses, and then begins the harvest of death. Here and there on the walls you see flies apparently alive, but motionless ; on trying to drive them away you find them quite dead, nothing remaining save a mere empty shell, all the insides having been completely consumed by a kind of fungus.

Now it would seem natural that but few flies would survive so many dangers ; but here and there a few are found in the winter time, who, hiding themselves away in dark corners and cracks, are only tempted out by an unusually mild day, too often to be nipped by the cold before they can get back into their winter-quarters again. An old friend of mine tells me of her seeing once, when a young girl, a very strange sight on a bright sunny day in winter, in an old-fashioned kitchen, where the sun's rays had long lain on the hearth-stone. Suddenly, from under this stone walked a huge fly, bleached to the color of celery by age and seclusion, and followed by a long column of smaller flies. Solemnly and feebly they marched along, gaining strength with every step, until the sun, warming their half-frozen bodies into new life, away they flew out of sight, but not out of mind. But none of them were ever seen again.

The life of the Fly is not of much importance after his arrival at maturity, for, practically, he is of no use, being neither weaver nor spinner, nor honey-maker. His great object was accomplished in childhood ; but of such great value was he then that we can readily excuse his life of dissipation and idleness now, and forgive him if he will so persistently tickle our noses when we don't want to be disturbed.

W. H. D.





LOST ON THE PRAIRIE.

"Won't you say a prayer, Hattie?"

"I have been praying," said the elder girl, and she sobbed aloud as she rocked back and forth, her hands clasped and her head bowed.

"O Alice, Alice! I am so afraid we shall never get home again."

"I cannot cry any more," said the other, as she laid her head on Hattie's lap; "I am so cold, and I feel so strangely. Please, Hattie, say a prayer aloud. God may hear and help us."

Hattie prayed. At first, through sobs and tears, the blessed words of "Our Father" came; but as she went on the sobs died away, her voice became firmer, her clasped hands were raised to heaven. She paused a little as she concluded the familiar prayer. Then, with her eyes fixed upon the full moon, which, passing from a black cloud, looked down on them in all her mellow glory, said, —

"We are two little girls, Lord, lost on the prairie; please help us to get home, and we will be so good."

It was a picture, — those two girls huddled in the withered grass, their hair blown back from their faces by the wind, which swept over the prairie, bending and snapping the tall, reed-like

stalks, and making them shudder and draw closer, as they strained their eyes now in the distance, now at the moon, with their horses standing quietly by them, thrusting their noses close to the ground, for any fresh blade of grass that might have escaped the frost.

Hattie Talbot lived in a large city in the West. She was threatened with a disease which the physicians said could only be counteracted by constant exercise in the open air. A cousin, and life-long friend of her mother's, was visiting them, and proposed that Hattie should accompany her to her home on one of the great western prairies, and spend a year riding about with her daughter, who was also a delicate girl. The invitation was accepted for her by her mother, and Hattie joyfully set about preparing for her visit.

Down the Ohio, up the Mississippi, across the land until they reached Mr. Lape's farm on a sixty-mile prairie. What a new life it was to her, and how she enjoyed it all!

She had been taught to ride on horseback, and Mr. Lape procured for her the gentlest of ponies. Alice, Mr. Lape's daughter, who was ten years of age, had her horse also; so, together, or accompanied by one of the boys, they daily rode

over the prairie. It was early spring, and the flowers were out, covering the earth in places like a carpet of delicate colors. How she would exclaim, and spring from her horse to gather them! Then, as the days passed, and the bright summer flowers came, and the wild plums began to ripen, and the hazel-nuts to grow brown on the bushes, and the grapes to hang in purple clusters, — with what joy they looked forward to the harvest.

Mr. Lape's farm was situated at the edge of a large strip of forest which lay to the east, while west were his fields, and beyond them the almost boundless prairie, stretching like a great sea, with its waves rising and falling, as the wind, in places, swayed the tall grass; from the cover of which fowls and birds, the only sign of life as far as the eye could reach, would start in flocks at any approach.

The post-office at which they received their letters was a small log-house some five miles from Mr. Lape's house, on a road which crossed the prairie. Three times a week Hattie and Alice, who now knew the way and could go alone, rode there for the letters which Hattie was sure to receive from home. These rides the girls particularly enjoyed. Hattie was twelve years of age, had always lived in a city and gone to school there; so she entertained Alice, who was born on the prairie and had never seen a town, nor lived a city life.

Summer passed, — the wild strawberries and plums were picked, the hazel-nuts gathered and stored for winter. October was with them, clear and bright; then it was they enjoyed their rides, dashing among the tall, reed-like grass, which grew as high as their horses' heads in the marshy places, to pull the feathery red flowers which grew there. Indian Summer followed, — the glorious Indian Summer of the West, — with

"Its soft haze in the air,"

and the last of November brought frost and cold winds.

With their long skirts about their feet, and well wrapped from the cold, with a shawl on their saddles in case of need, they still went regularly for the mail. This day they had started early, for the sky was lowering and the wind blew keenly. Just as they reached the post-office, which stood entirely alone, there was a hue and cry from the house, and two men ran out with guns and rushed in among some sheep, which had been quietly feeding, but now began to scamper wildly over the prairie, followed by what Hattie thought was a pack of dogs.

"The wolves! the wolves!" cried Alice, and both, springing from their horses, ran into the house.

The men drove the wolves off in a few moments, and came back laughing at the girls' alarm; but Hattie, who had never heard of prairie wolves before, was thoroughly frightened, the more so, as their road home lay in the direction the wolves had taken.

Receiving their letters they delayed some time before starting on their return, then concluded they would diverge a little from the road in order to get out of their way, should the wolves still be near. Leaving the traveled way, they struck directly into the grass, and proceeded for some distance in silence, shrinking and cowering as a prairie-hen, startled by the horses' hoofs, would suddenly spring from its nest and whirl away.

The wind blew very cold, and the sky was becoming of a duller lead-color, as the night approached; only in the rifts of the clouds could they occasionally see strips of blue.

It was growing late, they were chilled, and sought to regain the path and hasten home. Turning aside, they rode in the direction they supposed it to be, — a little further and they would reach it, — they went on, but it was not there. Alarmed, they looked at each other, and again rode forward, but no path was to be seen. They turned right and left, went on and back: there was no landmark, no track, no trace; one foot of the prairie was almost exactly like the other — there was nothing to guide them. The road might be but a few feet off, hidden by the high grass — it might be miles away.

They knew they were lost; yet, while the daylight remained, they tried again and again to get into the right track, but in vain. Cold, trembling, frightened, they saw the black November night close in on them, dreary and dark, except for occasional glimpses of the moon between the torn clouds that were driving over the sky.

They had ridden close together, and except a few exclamations and suggestions to try this direction and that, had talked but little. Now Alice drew as near as possible to Hattie, and, clutching her dress, threw herself over upon her, sobbing wildly. Their ponies stood still. Hattie could but clasp her hand and throw her arms about her, — she had no words, — and it took all her determination and the effect of her mother's lessons of self-control, to keep her from sobbing herself.

What should they do? There was no shelter; they must spend the night here. Alice cried as

though her heart was breaking. Presently she said,—

"Let us get down, Hattie, and hug up together in the grass! I am so cold, and I want to be close to you. I cannot sit here any longer."

"But the wolves?"

"They must be far away. O Hattie! let us get down," and she slid from her seat and was almost lost in the grass.

Hattie followed, and taking the shawls from the saddles, spread one on the ground on which they sat, and wrapped the other round them, at the same time holding the reins of the ponies tightly in her hand. Alice, with her arms about her, sobbed and moaned, and cried aloud, with her head on her shoulder. Hattie clasped her tightly, while the great tears silently coursed down her cheeks in the darkness.

Then Alice dozed, and Hattie thought of home, of her mother and father, and sisters and brothers, gathered about the bright fire, and she out in the cold, black darkness—perhaps never to get back: they might die of hunger,—might never be found.

Self-control had been taught her with her earliest lessons, and now as she lay there pressed in the grass, she tried hard not to cry, and her innocent lips moved in silent prayer, imploring God to help them. Alice moaned and turned uneasily, then started up and begged her to pray; and the picture of her home, as she had painted it, was too much for her, and for the first time she broke forth in sobs.

It was freezing cold; the tall grass, amid which they were, protected them a little; but they were chilled through, and all they could do their teeth would chatter, and they shook as though they had the ague. Alice complained much, and every few minutes would drop into a doze to awake in affright. Worn out, Hattie slept also, and was brought to consciousness by the jerking of the bridle-reins which she had fastened to her wrists. Starting up she gazed round,—then remembering where they were, was settling herself down again, when she thought she heard a wail or howl on the wind,—she listened—heard it again. It must be the wolves! She awoke Alice, and they crouched to listen; the wind swept over them in fearful gusts, stinging cold, and with it came the same sound.

Alice was in an agony of terror; she wrung her hands and cried, and implored Hattie to do something to save them. Trying to soothe and quiet her, Hattie's own horror lessened. Again and again she heard the same sound, and once,

when they had both been asleep for some time, Alice awoke and clutched her with a loud scream, as some blades of the wide grass, blown by the wind, scratched her face, and declared the wolves were upon them; there came a feeling at her heart as though she was dying, and she clasped her hands to her breast and was near to shrieking also, but she only burst into a low cry with, "Don't, Alice, don't."

The night seemed so long.

With her arms clasped about her knees, she was rocking herself back and forth, in the vain effort to get a little warmth, when she felt something wet upon her face,—could it be rain? She felt it again, and now it came thick and fast. It was snow.

She remembered hearing Mr. Lape tell of a man lost on the prairie in a snow-storm the winter before; he had been found dead by some hunters. The snow had come on him, covering the path, and he had no landmark in that white waste.

She prayed,—she tried to think,—she seemed to grow old in feeling and judgment during the few minutes she sat, before speaking to Alice, who slumbered uneasily, with her head on her lap.

At length she shook her. "Alice, Alice, it is snowing; we had best get on the ponies."

"Oh no, no; I cannot sit on Gypsy, I am so cold, and the wolves, the wolves!"

"We shall be covered up in the snow and lost, like that man your father told us of; see how fast it is coming. The ponies can outrun the wolves."

"But I cannot see, it is so dark, and we may get in a slough."

"We must try it, Alice, or we shall perish here. Come, I will help you up."

For some time the horses had been very restive; and as Alice, helpless almost as a dead weight, tried with Hattie's assistance to reach the saddle, Gypsy shied, the rein slipped from Hattie's hand, and finding she was loose, with a neigh of delight she galloped over the prairie.

With hysterical sobs, Alice threw herself into Hattie's arms, and the two girls cried together. It seemed as though their last hope had left them.

"We shall die here. O father! mother! I shall never see you any more! God has forgot ten us! He won't help us! He won't help us!"

"Hush, Alice, hush!" Frightened at her own words, Alice was quiet. "You must get behind me on Charley; sit like a boy, and take me about the waist. Fasten the shawl around you, and

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STORIES FROM SHAKESPEARE.

I.

IN the year 1564, a little more than three hundred years ago, was born in the town of Stratford, in England, an infant who grew to be one of the most wonderful men that has ever lived. Stratford was a quiet little town on the banks of the river Avon, and none of the people there were very rich or grand. The child of whom we write was called Will Shakespeare; and though his father was a very respectable man and in thriving business, it does not appear that he was rich, and, what seems hard to believe nowadays, he did not know how to write even his own name.

It is not very likely that John Shakespeare, Will's father, thought very much of learning, since he had got along so well himself with so little, and it does not seem that Will had much encouragement to study. But no doubt he was one of those boys to whom every thing in Nature is a teacher. He could find

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

He went to the parish school for a short time and learned English, some scraps of Greek and Latin, and a little mathematics. He read every thing, too, which came within his eager grasp.

Of course there were not as many books made in many years then as are printed now every year in New York; but there were places in London where were printed little pamphlets in paper covers, which were sold quite cheaply for the times. These tracts, or pamphlets, were generally translations from French and Italian tales, or legends, and chronicles extracted from old English history, and sometimes they were translations from Greek or Latin poetry. These books, which look very coarse and rude in their paper and printing, if we see them to-day and compare them with our beautiful books, were the popular reading of the people of that age. They were called chap-books (*cheap-books*), and the men who sold them were *chap-men*, which is the same, very likely, as our word *shop-man*.

It is very probable that some of these books found their way to Stratford, and that little Will Shakespeare occasionally got one to read. Perhaps some traveling peddler, who came there to sell his wares, had a few such stray copies in his pack, or the parish schoolmaster may have owned a few odd volumes. What a delight it must have

been to Will to get such prizes into his possession, and to go off to read by himself. When by chance he may have obtained the wonderful poem of "Romeus and Juliet,"* how glad he must have been to carry it off with him to the shade of some clustering trees, through which the lovely river Avon flowed, and there to read it aloud till he wept at the cruel fate of the two lovers.

All these things, however, must be partly guessed at, for no one dreamed that this boy would become so great a poet, and no one of that day has taken the trouble to tell us much about him when he was a child. He lived in Stratford till he was about eighteen, and then he married a farmer's daughter in the neighborhood, named Anne Hathaway. She was a young woman much older than himself, and no doubt it was a foolish act of his to marry so young. It is to be feared he found it hard work to take care of his family, for in two or three years after his marriage he set out for the great city of London, like a boy in a fairy tale, to seek his fortune. And a wonderful fortune it was,—greater than Dick Whittington's, or that of any other unfriended youth who ever came, solitary and unknown, to a great, busy city.

When he got to London he found that nearly every body in the town was interested in the theatre. The Queen and her court often went to see the plays. Some of the rich noblemen kept a large company of players for their private amusement; and many of the most elegant and accomplished men of that time wrote plays which were performed in the theatres.

Of course Shakespeare heard of all these things, and so he haunted the doors to the play-house, hoping to get a peep at the wonders inside. It has been said that he even held horses outside the building for some of the gallant gentlemen and courtiers who went in to see the play, and that he did his work so well, and had at last so many horses to hold, that he hired other youths to help him, and shared with them the pennies and sixpences which he received. This could not have lasted long, for he soon joined a company of players, and commenced in a very humble way to be an actor. One of the comic actors, in the company which he joined, was a fellow-townsmen of his, and he may have been instrumental in

* Written by Arthur Brooke, printed in 1602.

getting Will a place among the players. It was not long after he had become an actor that he commenced writing plays.

These plays of Shakespeare are the most wonderful of any thing in the English language. They were so great that the people of that age hardly understood their value, and it was only after a century had passed that they began to be appreciated. Out of some of the old tales and legends which he had heard, the lowly bred country youth wove the most exquisite tissues of poetry and romance that the world has ever read. The forgotten creatures of some Italian story became like living, real people by the magic of his pen.

He stayed in the theatre a good many years. During that time he wrote about forty plays, and as he seems to have been more prudent and saving than most poets have been, he became quite prosperous and well off in worldly matters. He bought a share of the play-house, and for some years was manager of it. When he was a little past middle age he retired to a comfortable estate in his native town of Stratford, and there he died when he was just fifty-two years old.

The stories which we are to tell from month to month are from these plays of Shakespeare. Some will be sad and some merry; we begin with

THE STORY OF KING LEAR AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

A long time ago, when the island of Great Britain was not so large and prosperous a country as now, but was a wild and thinly settled island, divided into several kingdoms, there reigned over one of these dominions an old monarch called Lear. He was one of the mightiest of the British kings, and though he had a kind and generous heart, he was so passionate that when one of his fits of rage possessed him, his bravest and wisest counselors could not dissuade him from any wild or frantic purpose which seized him.

Lear had three children, all of them daughters, and all very beautiful. The eldest was named Goneril; the second, Regan; and the youngest, Cordelia. Goneril and Regan were proud and haughty beauties. They trod the halls of their father's place as if they were already queens. When any story of suffering or complaint of wrong arose from the people, they always took the part of the oppressor. Their radiant black eyes glistened with hatred or sparkled with anger, but they never softened with pity or tenderness.

But Cordelia, blue-eyed, golden-haired little Cordelia, had a heart full of tenderness and goodness. Her sisters disliked her because she was so meek and gentle, just as ugly spirits always dislike that which is pure and beautiful; so she kept out of their way as much as possible, and sat in her chamber, with her maidens, little heeded and little known by the court or people.

She had heard so many loud, false speeches from the tongues of her sisters, that she had learned to distrust noisy vows and protestations, and had grown very reserved and modest in her speech. Sometimes, when she tried to tell the emotions which lay warm and deep in her heart, an impulse, half of shame, would check her,—a feeling as if these things were too sacred to be talked about.

Thus these three sisters grew until Lear became an old, old man. Then he began to imagine he was weary of all the trouble of his state affairs, and resolved he would divide his kingdom into three parts, and give to each of his daughters an equal portion of his realm to govern. For this purpose he assembled one day all the principal officers of his kingdom, all his priests and nobles, and sitting in the midst of them in grand state upon his throne, overhung by canopies of brilliant cloth, he sent for his three daughters to appear before him.

They came at his bidding. First the proud Goneril, with her husband, the Duke of Albany; then the haughty Regan, with her cruel-looking lord, the Duke of Cornwall; last of all came Cordelia, blushing and half afraid at appearing before so many people. Cordelia had two lovers visiting her father's court, both Frenchmen; for although she had lived so quietly in the palace, the neighboring princes did not forget that Lear had a daughter yet unmarried, and all foreign nations were eager to form an alliance with so mighty a prince.

When they were all arranged in state, Lear told the court of his purpose to divide the kingdom among his three daughters, and declared that he should spend the rest of his days in turn with each of them. His wisest lords shook their heads doubtfully when he said this; but all knew his temper so well that not one dared object.

Lear called on Goneril first to declare how much she loved him, that he might requite her love by a portion of his kingdom. To this Goneril answered that she loved him beyond her eyesight, her freedom, her life itself. She assured him no child had ever loved a father as she loved him, and that words were too weak to tell the greatness of her love.

When she stopped speaking, Lear showed her the limits of the kingdom he had deeded to her and the Duke of Albany, a most generous gift; and then he turned to Regan, who stood by, eager to speak, and asked her which *she* thought loved him best. Regan told him she was of the same blood as Goneril, her sister, and she loved him not a whit less; that even her sister's declarations of affection did not come up to the measure of her feelings; and that her only earthly happiness was in her father's love.

Lear then gave her an ample portion for her dowry, and called forth his youngest daughter, whom in his heart he loved best of the three. Now Cordelia had listened with amazement at the ease with which her sisters had declared the most sacred feelings of the heart so loudly, and at the extraordinary affection they professed. What love had they left to give their husbands, she thought within herself, if they loved their father with all their heart? While thus thinking, Lear asked this youngest and best-loved child what she had to say. She looked at him with her clear, truthful eyes, and answered, "Nothing."

Lear looked at her in wonder, and repeated "Nothing?"

Cordelia then told him simply that she loved him as she ought to love a father who had bred and reared her; that she should always honor and obey him above all others; but if she had a husband she should think it her duty to give *him* half her love and care, and not, like her sisters, give her father all.

On this Lear went into one of his terrible fits of rage. He was so sorely disappointed at Cordelia's answer that he could not wait to let his reason see how wise it was. He stamped and raved, and without delay divided the large portion he had reserved for Cordelia between her sisters. He bade her instantly leave the court, and never see his face again. One of his oldest nobles, the Earl of Kent, interceded for her so boldly, that the king's rage turned on him also, and he banished him, on pain of death, from his kingdom. Then he called forth Cordelia's lovers, the Duke of Burgundy and the King of France, and told them if either of them wished Cordelia, stripped of rank and wealth, they might take her where she stood; from *him* she should have nothing. Burgundy said that since she had no fortune he could scarcely afford to marry her; but the French King said nobly, that he could see virtues in the maiden worth more than lands or gold, and if she would, she should be his bride and the *Queen of France*.

Cordelia looked into his handsome, earnest face and gave him her hand without a word. Even if she had not thought of him before, his noble offer was enough to make her love him as much as a prince of so rare qualities deserved to be loved. And hand in hand, without a single attendant, she went out with her royal lover, in the footsteps of poor Kent, whom Lear had so madly banished.

Immediately Goneril, with her husband, the Duke of Albany, took command of their new kingdom, and the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall went to occupy their palace. Lear only reserved for himself a hundred knights and warriors for his train of followers, and trusted the keeping of them all to the generosity of the two daughters to whom he had given every thing.

He resolved to live one month with Goneril, and spend the next with Regan, and so changing from month to month, spend equal time with each daughter. For a few days Goneril disguised her wicked temper—but only for a few days. She waited for the first slight pretext to complain of her father and take away some of his pleasures. One day when his men, who were nearly all soldiers and rough fellows, used to being at battle in the field, had been a little noisy in one of the court-yards of her palace, she sent for her father, and told him he kept too many followers; that she could no longer permit it. She asked what necessity there was for him, who would always be well taken care of by his daughters, if he behaved properly, to have so many as a hundred followers. Would not fifty, or even twenty-five, do quite as well?

Imagine how Lear felt at being talked to thus. An old king who had given up to this daughter half his kingdom, the command of his great armies, and his right to rule; he, to whom thousands had been a small retinue, to be now denied a mere handful of attendants. The passionate old man was so choked with rage and grief he could scarcely speak. When he tried to reply, his tears almost stopped him. Goneril stood gazing unmoved on her aged father's wounded feeling, and at length he told her that he would leave her inhospitable roof, for he had yet another daughter who would not treat him thus. Surely Nature could not produce another monster such as she. When she answered this with more bitter insults, he cursed her with a curse so terrible, that one can hardly imagine how she could have heard it and not fallen on her knees and called on God for mercy.

Lear then left her castle gates with all his

train, and set out for Regan's palace. Just before this happened, the Earl of Kent, whom Lear had banished, fearing his old master would need some trusty friend, had returned in disguise to Britain. He offered himself to Lear as his servant, and Lear, who did not recognize him, had accepted him. He now called Kent, and sent him as his messenger to Regan, to inform her of her sister's wicked conduct, and bid her prepare to receive him.

Kent hurried off without delay, but the end proved that Goneril outwitted him. This wicked woman, the moment Lear left her palace, sent a messenger post-haste to Regan, counseling her to oppose all Lear's wishes, and deprive him of all state, lest with his hundred men he should prove dangerous to their power. The Duke of Albany, who was a kind-hearted man, but incapable of controlling so bad a wife, tried in vain to soften her heart. All his sympathy for Lear seemed but to strengthen her purpose.

Regan received her sister's messenger, and immediately followed her advice. When Kent arrived at her court, he was punished for some slight offense by being placed with his feet in the stocks. Very soon Lear arrived, to find his messenger thus insulted, his message unheeded, and himself received with pointed coldness by the daughter on whom all his hopes were laid.

The poor king placed much constraint upon himself at first, and tried to reason mildly with Regan against taking her sister's part; but when he found his words did not move her, and that she was even more harsh and unyielding than Goneril, he burst out into ravings of despair. To add to his misery, Goneril came then to Regan's court, attended by a train more numerous and grand than had attended Lear in the days of his magnificence; and he saw Regan, who had refused him welcome, embrace and kiss this wicked daughter. At this sight he was convinced that they were leagued against him, and that he should find no pity there. He declared that he would quit them both; that the elements would be more kind than such vipers as these; and so rushed madly from the chamber, through the court, outside the court-yard gates.

When Lear thus fled from the luxurious palace-hall in which he had held this last meeting with his daughters, it was beginning to grow dark, and a terrible storm was coming on. Already they heard the loud roll of thunder and saw the sharp flashes of lightning. But though some nobles in Regan's court, more tender-hearted than these stony women, pleaded for the king, and besought them not to let him go out into a night

when even beasts ought to be sheltered, they alone were pitiless. They helped to drive their poor old father forth, and locked after him their heavy castle gates. There, outside in the rude storm, with no attendants but his faithful Kent and a poor jester, who had been his sport when he was king, stood the once mighty Lear. The hail fell in large stones upon his head, stripped of its royal crown, and the wild wind blew his long white hairs about his face. The whole country was a barren heath, without a house to give them shelter; and thus buffeted by storms and wounded in his heart's core, is it to be wondered at that he lost his reason and became insane?

Before the night was over a kind lord, named Gloster, came to seek them, and took them to a farm-house, where Lear could be warmed and fed. But it could not restore his reason, and he knew no more the faces of his friends, but raved madly of his daughters.

In the mean time the Earl of Kent, who had been so faithful to his old master, had been busy at work for him. He had been sending messengers to France, where Cordelia and her husband were, telling of the manner in which the cruel sisters treated Lear, and the French king had begun to march an army toward Britain. On the very night that Lear was driven out, he landed his troops at Dover, the nearest English seaport from France.

As soon as the storm cleared, Gloster told Kent that he thought the sisters had formed a plot to have their old father murdered, and Kent resolved to hurry on with his helpless charge to the French camp. When he reached there, he found the King of France had gone back into his own country on some business, but he saw Cordelia, and told her the sad story of her father's wrongs. Lear could not be persuaded to enter the camp; but escaped from Kent, and went roving up and down the open country, crowning himself with weeds, and imagining himself again a king. Cordelia sent her trustiest guards to find him; and when at length he was weary and footsore, they found him, and brought him to the queen's tent, where he fell into a deep slumber.

While he slept Cordelia watched his breathing as if he were a sick child, and wept over his poor white head, so beaten by the storm. By and by he waked; with the deep slumber his madness had gone away, and he recognized his youngest and dearest daughter weeping by his couch. How happy he was to find he had one

child who loved him, and how grieved that he had not understood her sooner.

While they were in the first joy of meeting, news came that the good old Gloster had been most cruelly treated for being kind to Lear, and that while the wicked sisters and Regan's husband were practicing horrible tortures on the old man, one of Gloster's servants had interfered; and, trying to protect his lord, was killed, but not until he had partly avenged Gloster's wrongs, by giving the Duke of Cornwall his death-stab. Regan, thus left a widow, had put her soldiers under command of a crafty Lord Edmund, with whom she was in love and meant to marry, and had joined her army to that of her sister Goneril, to march against the French at Dover.

Cordelia did the best so young a bride could do without her husband, and marched her army out to meet them. But she was too much taken at disadvantage. The French troops were put to flight, and Lear and Cordelia were taken prisoner, and sent to a dungeon. They were consigned to prison by the orders of the miserable Edmund, who was commander of Regan's forces; and when the Duke of Albany, who was the rightful general of the whole army, demanded the royal prisoners, Edmund refused to give them up.

And here it came out that both these bad sisters loved this base Edmund, who was a low-born fellow, and that Regan had intended to

marry him since her husband had died, while Goneril was plotting to murder the kind-hearted Duke of Albany, her husband, that she might be free to unite herself to Edmund. Albany openly accused Goneril of her crime, and showed her the letter in which she had plotted against his life. Then Goneril went out from Albany's presence maddened to frenzy, and first giving Regan a draught of deadly poison, she stabbed herself, and news was brought to Albany of the miserable end of both these unnatural women.

As soon as he could, while all these horrors were happening, the Duke sent to Lear's prison to have him liberated; but alas! he sent too late. Edmund had before given orders that the prisoners should be secretly murdered, and when they arrived at the prison, they met Lear bearing out Cordelia in his arms, quite dead.

It was pitiful to see how the old wronged king wept this last dear daughter, whose love had proved the only real love of all. He laid his ear upon her heart, to see if there were not the faintest beat, and watched eagerly for one little sign of breath; and when he found that she lay cold and still, his poor heart, that had borne so many sorrows, gave way at last, and with one bursting sigh, quite broke, and he fell dead beside her.

Such was the tragic end of King Lear and his three daughters.

A. S. McF.

YUSUF AND LEILA.

MANY of the young readers of "The Riverside" have doubtless read the beautiful poem of "Evangeline," and are familiar with the touching story of her wanderings in search of her lover. A similar case happened lately in Turkey, although this time it was a father seeking his wife and children, instead of a maiden pursuing her betrothed. Perhaps, in your geographies and histories, you have learned of a country on the eastern shores of the Black Sea, called Circassia. It is a very wild and mountainous region, famous in ancient legends as the country to which Jason went in the Argo, in search of the Golden Fleece. In our days, it has become famous because its brave mountaineers long defended their rocky homes against the armies which Russia sent to conquer the country. Schamyl was their most celebrated chieftain, and for many years the invaders sought in vain to overcome his warriors,

who were armed somewhat after the style of the Middle Ages, with bows and arrows, shields, coats of mail, helmets, cimeters, and pistols, highly ornamented, but of the most curious antique shape to be imagined. But at length the countless hosts which Russia constantly sent against the Circassians were too powerful to be resisted; in spite of many bloody defeats, the Russians gradually captured one stronghold after another; Schamyl was taken and sent to St. Petersburg, and the brave people, who had fought so long to preserve their country, found themselves at the mercy of the foe.

It is said that the Russians gave the Circassians the choice of emigrating to Russia or to Turkey, but forbade them to remain in the land which their ancestors had occupied for thousands of years, and which they had learned so well to defend. It is difficult to find out the exact truth

about the matter, but it is certain that hundreds of thousands left their native land forever, wretched exiles, cast adrift to seek a home somewhere in the homeless Orient. The Turkish Government welcomed them as well as so impoverished a government could, and scattered them all over the Turkish Empire, in colonies.

It was thus that a melancholy multitude of Circassian exiles, who had roamed through Asia Minor, arrived at Samsûn, on the Black Sea, to be embarked on board ships that would transport them to distant parts of the empire. It was a sad, dismal day, as the exiles, men, women, and children, came down to the shore to be carried on

board. The harbor is scarce worthy of the name, and the wild northeast wind that moaned over the sea, and rose higher as the day wore on, rolled the surf in upon the beach, making it very difficult to embark, and sometimes capsizing a boat and drowning its occupants. The transports were tossing on the waves, all ready to slip their cables and put to sea if the wind should increase to a gale. This naturally caused much confusion, and the exiles were hurried into the boats without much regard to order, and more than once families were separated, part being carried on board one ship, part on another, never to see each other again. Among them was a family consisting of



a man called Osman, his wife Dudû, and two little children, a son and a daughter, called Yusuf and Leila.

"Come, hurry up: what are you waiting for?" shouted the rough sailors, as they loaded down their surf-boats; and so it happened that the unfortunate mother and her children were put in one of the boats, anxiously looking to see if their husband and father was following, and there, in the crowd of distressed faces, they saw him trying to push his way to the boat, with a bundle on his back that contained all their earthly possessions. But the boat was already too full, and as he attempted to climb on board, he was pushed aside

with an oath, and at the same time the boat rose on a receding wave, and the oarsmen shoved out from the shore. Dismayed and in despair at the idea of separation from his family, he sought the next boat; hoping that it might be bound for the same ship; but as the other boat rose to sight occasionally on the surge, to his agony he saw that it steered for a different vessel from the one to which he was taken. In vain he begged the sailors to place him in the same ship with his family; they thrust him down into the hold, and bade him keep still. That night, amidst the shrieking of the wind in the rigging, the flapping of the sails, and the clamor of the shouting

crews, the ships put to sea with the poor exiles on board, tossing over the angry billows in search of a home.

The ship containing Dudû and her children bore away for Varna, near the mouth of the Danube, and in a few days they were again on shore, but where they hardly knew. It was but little Turkish that they could speak, for their native language was a Circassian dialect; and, to fill up their cup of sorrow in this land of strangers, their husband and father was far away, perhaps never to be seen again; for in a country like Turkey, where means of advertising are unknown as in our country, and the mode of traveling is very slow, it is extremely difficult to find friends if once track of them is lost. From village to village they wandered, begging a crust of bread and shelter for the night at the wretched hovels of the Turkish villagers, who were themselves in the last stages of misery. Little Leila's feet became foot-sore, and her poor little limbs often grew weary, as they toiled along the rough, lonely roads, through mud and dust; often she begged to lie down by the road side, and often she asked, wonderingly, where her father could be. Yusuf, like a brave little boy, worthy of his heroic ancestors, traveled on, rarely complaining, although his sandals of cowhide were long since worn out, and he had to walk barefooted. He chased the butterflies on the way, merrily tried to hit the sparrows with a little rude bow and arrows which he had contrived to make, and often carried his little sister on his back. So they wandered through European Turkey for many weary months, inquiring in every village for the lost husband and father, until they crept up the steep passes of the Balkan Mountains, and down the other side to the city of Adrianople. Here they tarried some months, hoping to find Osman; but when the sad days went by, and brought him not, they wandered forth again in search of him.

"In the great city of Constantinople there are many Circassians," they told Dudû; "perhaps there you will find your lost husband;" and thither she wandered with her children, days and days, until the old gray walls and gilded minarets and domes of the imperial city rose to view, and the sunny and beautiful waters of the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus glittered before them, lined with summer-houses and palaces, and dotted with fleet barges and snowy sails. Even they, ignorant and sad as they were, could not help wondering as they gazed around. But bewilderedment seized them when they sought to find their way through the narrow, winding, dark-

some streets, where hurrying throngs of men and women, of all nations on the earth, horses, mules, and camels, perpetually jostled each other over the rough pavements. Often, in the streets of Constantinople, the sight of a Circassian with his woolen cap and native costume, gave them a sudden shock of hope that it might be Osman, or that he might be able to give them some tidings of him, and as often they were doomed to disappointment, until Dudû concluded again to start on their wanderings. Perhaps Osman might be in one of the Circassian colonies in Asia Minor. A stranger told her that such a man as her husband he had seen near Kutahîé.

All this time Osman was in search of his wife and children. The brig that had him on board had carried him past Constantinople to Smyrna, and with his fellow-passengers he had been taken to found a colony far away from the coast. But here he was not contented, and how could he be without the wife and the little children he loved so well. One night he stole away to look for them, but without any clear notion as to where he should seek for them. Thus, aimlessly, he roamed over Asia Minor, inquiring everywhere for his family, and was told, as they had been told, that there were many Circassians in Constantinople, and perhaps he might be successful there. Slowly he neared that city, until from the heights of Scutari he looked down on the capital, where the objects of his search were about taking their departure for Asia Minor, little dreaming how near he was to them. A caique rowed him across the Bosphorus into the Golden Horn, and landed him on the famous bridge connecting Constantinople with its Galata suburb. Like one in amazement, he beheld the vast city around him, — the ships, the motley crowds that thronged the bridge; then, following the multitude, he sauntered into the city, and up the steps into the courtyard of the mosque called Yeni Jami. It was crowded with people buying and selling, for it was the day of the weekly fair, and all sorts of oriental commodities were temptingly displayed under the trees. In this scene of confusion he was jostled around, laughed at for his verdancy, and berated for his awkwardness; but with his thoughts ever intent, nevertheless, on the objects of his search, and his eyes open to discover them. Hungry and weary, and sick at heart, he was about wandering away, when, in the distance, through a break in the crowd, he saw a woman going out from the court through the gate by which he had entered, bearing on her shoulder a little girl with golden hair streaming down her

back ; a little boy going ahead, made way for them through the press. He could not distinctly see their faces in the hurried glimpse he caught, but a sort of sudden instinct bade him hasten after them, his heart throbbing fast as he rushed through the crowd, unmindful on whose feet he trod, and how many angry idlers he elbowed in his anxiety. On he sped until he overtook the little party, just as they were stepping into the boat which had brought him across from Scutari, to which they were now bound, in renewed search for him through the cities of Asia Minor. He

was almost breathless when he overtook them, but certainty gave elasticity to his steps, for the nearer he drew the more they looked like his lost family. He touched the woman on the shoulder as she was stepping into the boat ; she looked around, gave a wild cry of joy, and threw herself into his arms, while his little son and daughter nestled close to him, and clung to his knees, and kissed his hands. The long-separated family was again united. Osman had found Dudu, and Yusuf, and Leila ; and all this actually happened as I have told it.

S. G. W. B.

MY CHERUB.

[A LITTLE GIRL GAVE ME A PAPER-WEIGHT, WITH A CHERUB PAINTED ON IT, FOR A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT.]



GOLDEN hair and rosy lips,
Two little wings with scarlet tips,
His hands thrust out, his eyes bent down,
A little blue sash his only gown, —
Straight to my table the angel flew,
And blessed the year begun anew.
“What is thy name, sweet cherub-child ?”
“Bessie’s Love,” his little eye smiled ;
“Bessie’s Grace,” said his laughing face.
“Then stay with me, thou cherub dear,
And bless the whole of this new year.
When the dull world has gone to sleep
And into my room the faeries peep,

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Welcome all with thy brown eyes,
And shower thy kisses, cherub-wise.
We’ll live together, you and I,
And all my merry company, —
Flowers and children, bird and beast,
Little, littler, littlest, least !
Let the big world wag its head sideways,
We know what the little world says.
Then blessings on thee, blue-robed joy,
My little benediction-boy,
With thy golden hair and rosy lips,
Thy little wings with scarlet tips !”

H. E. S.





Skating Chorus.

MUSIC BY KARL REDEN.

mf With animation.

VOICES

and

PIANO.

1. The flee - cy clouds fly 'cross the moon i' the

sky, And smiles and frowns chase o'er the fro - - zen pond's face: —

f Stamp hard! strike out! with a once! twice! thrice! Then a - way! a - way! ... A -

Cres.

f way! a-way! a-way! *mf* A-way!... a-way! A-way! a-way! a-
Hur-rah! hur-rah! Hur-rah! hurrah! hur-

f way! A-way! *Cres.* a-way! *ff* A-way! a-way! a-way! *End.*
rah! Hur-rah! hur-rah! Hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah!

mf How we rock! How we glide down the dark, gla-ry
* Boom, boom, boom! the Ice king laughs aloud, laughs a-loud as we

f ice! Ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha! *ff* Hur-rah, boys, hur-rah!
sing! Ha, ha, ha! Hur-rah, boys, hur-rah! *f* *D.S. al fine.*

1
The fleecy clouds fly 'cross the moon i' the sky,
And smiles and frowns chase o'er the frozen pond's face.
Stamp hard! &c.

2
The tingling frost nips our red ears to their tips,
What care we for that! Give the ice tit for tat!
Stamp hard! &c.

3
When roaring his blast the North Wind follows fast,
Our coat-sails we spread, and he whisks us ahead!
Stamp hard! &c.

4
Up, up with your sticks, the well-curved hockey sticks!
Down, down the smooth ice, skims the ball in a trice!
Stamp hard! &c.

5 *
Boom, boom! the Ice-king laughs aloud as we sing!
Hurrah, boys, hurrah! ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha!
Hurrah! &c.

* After 4th verse.

HRYM, THE FROST GIANT.

EVERY one, I believe, loves fairy tales,—every one, that is, who is sensible enough to love tales of any kind. Some of the best men, and greatest scholars on this earth, are doing nothing else all day long but listening to the wonderful tales of a wise old lady called Dame Science,—the most amazing and the most amusing fairy godmother in the world,—and the longer they listen the more they wish to hear, and the more wonderful the stories grow.

The story which she is telling at this moment, for instance, about Hrym, the Frost Giant, she told to our forefathers, the Norsemen, hundreds of years ago. They mixed it up with their own wild fancies somewhat, and this is what they made of it: that he, and another fierce, terrible fellow, Loke, the Fire Jötun, had fought for ages over the Earth, the one seeking to melt all things, the other to freeze them, until Thor and Odin, the man-gods, conquered them both, and set them their bounds that they should not pass.

But though conquered, they were never entirely subdued, and the Norsemen, sons of Thor and Odin, as they believed themselves to be, had much ado to keep them under. Hrym, especially, was forever breaking bounds and making all sorts of trouble; and the Norsemen, who, next to a true friend, liked above all things a brave enemy, had therefore a great respect for him.

Our own Professor Agassiz, who listens more eagerly to Dame Science's stories than any one whom I know, also tells us many strange things about this great battle between the Frost and Fire, and the traces it has left upon the world; and we, the children of the Norsemen, know, too, that they have not given over the battle even yet. Loke is still forever trying to melt all things, and Hrym to freeze them; and here in North America, as in Norway and Sweden, and Denmark and Iceland, where our forefathers dwelt, Hrym has the best of it. He drives his fleet horses, the snow clouds and the keen north winds, over our hills and valleys, blocks our roads, dams up our rivers, and pinches and bites and buffets us, till but for fiery Loke, who is always ready to join battle against him, he might even get his will and freeze us too.

Yet Hrym being a brave, is therefore, in some respects, a friendly enemy, and we, like our forefathers, cannot help having a certain liking and admiration for him and his works. It is he who tinges the autumn leaves, opens the chestnut

burs, makes a play-ground of the lake, and weaves of their whilom dew-drops such a warm white blanket for the sleeping blossoms.

We call him Jack Frost most times; till now and then, upon some bright morning we wake and look out to see how he has spread a net of silver sheen over the grass, and dressed the shrubs in diamond coats like Prince Esterhazy, and powdered the heads of the firs and pines, and hung his tiny, glittering spears from every twig of the bare old elms and maples; when our Norse tongues come back to us for a moment, and we name him Hrym — *Rime* — the hoar-frost.

He is a very practical fellow this Hrym; he likes every thing to be solid and substantial, and this is the ground of his quarrel with Loke. Geologists tell us of a time, far back in the ages, when Loke had all things his own way, and all the water was steam then, and all the rocks and metals boiling lava; but Hrym soon got the upper hand, and cooled the steam into water with his icy breath, and hardened the lava into minerals with a touch of his cold hand.

It is about this process of hardening, or crystallization, as the chemists call it, that I wish to tell you. This is Hrym's work, — for it is nothing more nor less than freezing after all, and the chemists prove this by the word they take to describe it, which is the Greek word for ice. Rocks and metals are frozen lava, and water is frozen steam, just as truly as ice is frozen water.

Yes, it is Hrym's work, though Loke sometimes helps him, but not with a very good will; and, considering what a rough fellow he is, he does it in a very dainty fashion. The rocks which form the frame-work of this mighty world, the great beds of coal and salt, the mines of gold and silver, and iron and copper, the diamonds, and all the precious stones, the mountain glaciers, and the vast ice-fields of the Northern and Southern oceans, are all built of slender and delicate crystals; and Hrym has fashioned them every one by rules as definite and unchanging as any you can find in your books of Arithmetic.

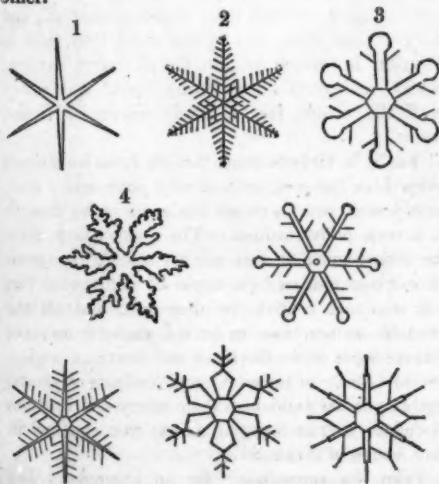
Take the snow-flakes for an example. The best time for observing them is upon a still, cold day, when the flakes are light and small, and Loke, malicious fellow, cannot spoil their beauty. If you chance to be reading this at such a time, try catching some of them upon a black woolen cloth; and, if you have a tolerably good pocket

magnifier, or even very sharp eyes, I promise that you shall be astonished at their beauty.

The variety of shapes is almost infinite. You will probably not be able to find a single one like those I have chosen for illustration; and yet, if you look closely, you will see that they have one thing in common, or rather, perhaps, I should say six—six principal rays or points. That is Hrym's rule for the crystallization of water.

Mathematicians, you know, divide the circle into three hundred and sixty equal parts, called degrees, and lines drawn from the centre, so as to touch the circumference, or edge, at equal distances, are said to form with each other angles equal to the number of degrees within these distances. Now Hrym is a mathematician as exact as Euclid, and he divides the three hundred and sixty degrees into six equal distances of sixty degrees each, and shoots out his delicate needles at exactly this angle in every case.

Water crystals are hexagonal, or six-sided prisms, and most perfect snow-flakes are formed of three of these crystals crossing each other at an angle of sixty degrees, or else of from three to six needles shooting out from a central six-sided prism; and however much the stars may be crushed or broken, if two rays are still attached, they will be found to bear exactly this relation to each other.



You may see this in *figure one*, where Hrym has left his skeleton snow-flake unadorned for your instruction. In *figure two*, he has added a new set of crystals, but you will observe, each delicate needle forms this same angle with the line from which it shoots. *Figure two* seems to

be the favorite pattern, and you will be more likely to find this than any other. In *figure three*, Hrym had a larger drop to work upon, and the crystals are larger; but he is not responsible for the clumsy ends,—that is Loke's work,—and the same malicious fellow has nearly demolished *number four*. These illustrations are all larger of course than the originals,—about the size they would appear through a good pocket magnifier. The large snow-flakes which we sometimes see are composed of numbers of broken stars, half melted and packed together.

The fairy landscapes, the cities and temples, and flowers and leaves, which Hrym paints upon our window-panes and stone pavements, are made up from a great number of very short and slender needles. The flat surface of the glass or stone operates, in some way not precisely understood, to produce their fantastic forms; but they are supposed to follow the same general law as the snow-flakes. If you would like to see Hrym at his work, you may do so, even with the naked eye, any cold morning, by breathing out one of his pictures from the window-pane, and watching it form again, one tiny crystal branching from another—veritable fairy work.

Indeed, I know no craftsman anywhere, giant, elfin, or human, whose work is so fascinating to lookers-on as giant Hrym's. Other substances, as well as water, furnish us this beautiful sight; and if you will provide yourself with one of the little simple microscopes, which may be found now at almost any good jeweler's shop, and at all opticians', you will find it very good fun to take a peep at it. A drop of common spirits of camphor smeared upon a slip of glass, and placed over a dark background, is a very lovely object as it gathers itself into its delicate leafy crystals; and there are very few of the substances chemically known as salts, which will not well repay one for the trouble of preparing and observing them. You have only to make what is called a saturated solution,—that is, to dissolve in water just as much of the salt as it will take,—and putting a small drop upon a slip of glass, slightly warmed, (for here you can make Loke help Hrym, against his will, by driving off the water,) place it in a slanting position under your magnifier. The upper part of the drop will crystallize first, and as evaporation goes on, the crystals will shoot downwards.

Alum, borax, common salt; nearly all the combinations of ammonia, and of potash; the sulphates of copper, iron, and zinc; the nitrates of barytes, bismuth, and strontian; oxalic and tar-

taric acids; salicine and cobalt, are a few among many of the substances which are worthy of attention in this way. You may get most of them at any druggist's or chemist's, and you will find them as amusing as a kaleidoscope or a magic lantern,—many of them presenting a beautiful variety of colors, and all the most elegant and striking forms imaginable.

There are also some natural specimens of crystals well worth looking at. Among these are copper and iron pyrites, asbestos, silver, tin, and zinc.

All substances which crystallize at all, do so after a certain plan or type. Mineralogists have divided these into six different systems, but they have not got through quarreling among them-



selves about them yet; and so simple students must wait awhile before learning very definitely

what these systems are. Suffice it to say, that Hrym has a rule and an angle for every one, and if we keep our eyes open, perhaps he will show it to us first, and so we may get the start of the crystallographers, long as their name is, after all.

You may even puzzle Hrym himself a little, by mixing several of your solutions together, though he will soon detect you, and mix his angles accordingly. Common salt, for instance, crystallizes in cubes; put in a little boracic acid, and Hrym will cut off all the right angles. Why? Because boron crystallizes in oblique rhombic prisms, which have no right angles. Hrym cannot suit both, and so he "splits the difference."

Again, the triple phosphate of magnesia takes usually the form of triangles, as you see in the figure, *a*; but if there is more ammonia added, it will branch out in stars and leaves, as, *b*, *c*.

You may play all sorts of tricks in this way; and, if you should chance to get some remarkably fine specimens, I will tell you how to steal a march upon Loke, and keep them Hrym's captives in spite of him. Pour a drop of castor-oil upon them, and lay over a piece of very thin glass; press it down gently, and wipe around the edge with a bit of cotton or a pipette of rolled paper; then put a coat of varnish or marine glue upon the margin, and you have them fast.

M. L. B.

FRANK GORDON; OR, WHEN I WAS A LITTLE BOY.

CHAPTER III.

THE KITTENS IN THE GIG-BOX.

A LONG, long time ago,—so long, that it looks to me like a hundred years, although I am not *half* a hundred years old yet,—when I was a little boy, I had a brother two years younger than myself. His name was Thomas. He died when he was barely four years old; and almost the only thing I can recollect of him, is a scrape into which we got ourselves one day.

Each of us had a kitten. His was named Towser, and mine was named Ponto. These were queer names to give to kittens, for they are dogs' names. But Tommie and I made belief that our kittens *were* dogs,—fine dogs, hunting-dogs,—and we used to whistle to them, and try to make them follow us like dogs.

One day we were playing with them in the front yard, when Jacob, my father's negro boy of

all work, brought around the horse and gig, and hitched the horse to a post near the gate. Perhaps you do not know what a gig is, for although they were very common when I was a boy, they are seldom to be seen now. It was a two-wheeled carriage, drawn by a single horse; and in the soft, sandy roads of the country where my father lived, it was much easier for a horse to draw than if there were four wheels.

Old Gray, the horse, was perfectly gentle, and my little brother and I used to like to get into the gig when it was brought to the front gate, and play in it until our father was ready to go. At this time, however, our father did not come out of the house for a great while. Tommie and I had played in the gig until we were tired, and then had gone off somewhere else. When we went off, we did not wish to take the kittens with us, and we were afraid to leave them lying on the floor of the gig for fear they should fall out and

get hurt ; so we opened the box, which was under the cushions of the seat, and put them in there.

It would have been better for us if we had done with our kittens as children should do with their playthings, — carried them right back to where they belonged, after we had done with them. We must have been absent some time, for, when we came back, old Gray and the gig and the kittens were all gone.

This made us feel very badly, for we knew that our father was going to the city of Savannah, about eight miles off, to be gone all day, and we were afraid we should never see our kittens again ; and more than this, — we were afraid he

would be displeased with us for having put them in the gig-box, and leaving them there.

As we talked about it, we walked slowly toward the house, where we were going to tell our mother what had happened, when we met a negro girl named Lizzy, who asked us why we looked so troubled. We told her. Now Lizzy was a great deal older than we were, and if she had been a good girl, she would have advised us to go straight to our mother, as we were about to do. But no, she wanted to have a little fun of her own. So she kept us with her and laughed at us, and teased us about putting the kittens in the box, until we were angry with her ; then she said she had no doubt our father would be "berry



box," that is very angry, with us for what we had done, and that he would whip us soundly as soon as he got back.

Now I ought to have known better than to believe Lizzy, for my father was too good and too kind a man to whip any body, except for doing something very wrong. But she was much older than I was, and I believed all she said, and it made me feel so badly that I was almost ready to cry.

While we were talking with her, and before we could get into the house to talk with our mother, we heard Lizzy say, —

"Ah ha ! dere 's your pa comin' back now."

We looked up the avenue, and, sure enough, there was old Gray trotting along very fast, and there was the gig, its top bobbing backward and forward with every trot of the horse. We could not see our father, for he sat in the deep shade of the gig ; but, after what Lizzy had said to us, it seemed to us that old Gray trotted and the gig top bobbed as if our father was very angry, and was coming home to give us a terrible whipping.

And now to tell you about my father and his ride. While I and my little brother were off in the garden and orangery, he had come out of the house and started off for Savannah. When he had gone about half a mile or more from home, he

heard, as he supposed, a kitten mewling by the road side, and he said to himself, "It is very strange that a kitten should be in these woods so far from any house."

Soon after, he heard a kitten mew again very loud, and he said to himself, "Why, there is another! I suspect these must be the kittens of a wild cat, strayed off from their mother."

Not long after this, he heard two kittens crying mew, mew! very loud and very near to him. My father looked in every direction, and said to himself, "Why, these woods are full of kittens! Strange that they are all kittens and no cats!"

But now he heard not only mew, mew! but scratch, scratch! for the kittens were trying to get out, and he said to himself, "Ah, I understand it now. My two thoughtless little boys have put their kittens in my gig-box and left them here, — whoa, Gray!"

Old Gray stopped at the word. My father opened the box, and there were the two kittens, sick as they could be with the close place and the motion, and trying hard to escape from their prison.

And now what was he to do? He did not like to put the poor little things out by the road side, for they would starve to death; and he did not like to carry them with him to town, so he turned back home. As he came along the road, he began to say to himself, "This is a very thoughtless trick of my little boys. I do not suppose they *meant* to do it. They only forgot. But I must go home and give them a talk, so that they will never do the like again."

When we saw him coming far up the avenue, we were dreadfully frightened, and asked Lizzy what we must do.

"Go. run and hide," she said. "Don't let any body find you for a long time. If you hear any body call, don't you answer."

Now that was very bad advice. Good children never run away from their parents, but always run to them when they can. Even when they know they have done wrong and deserve to be punished, good children will go right up to their parents, and say, "We have done wrong. We are sorry for it, and will try to do so no more. Please forgive us." And there is scarcely a parent in the world that will not readily forgive a child that seems to be sorry for doing wrong, and that asks forgiveness.

But I and my little brother did not think of all this at the time, for Lizzy had scared us very badly; and when she said, "Run and hide," we said no more than to ask her "Where?"

"Behin' de chimbly, — de big chimbly," she replied. "Crawl into a big barrel you will find dere, and keep right still. And if any body call you, no matter how loud, don't you answer."

We ran as fast as our little legs could carry us to the big chimney. We found there an empty rice-cask lying on its side, with its mouth turned toward the house, and we crept in. It was a capital hiding-place, but it was dreadfully uncomfortable; for not only was it so low that our necks soon began to ache with keeping them bent down, but the hot sun was shining full upon the chimney corner in which it lay, and the air inside was so hot that we could scarcely breathe it.

Soon we heard the tramp of old Gray, and the rumble of wheels at the front gate, and then my father's voice, calling out, "Jacob!" and Jacob's answer, "Yes, sir, coming;" then my father's voice again, "Call the two little boys, and bring them to me." Those two little boys looked at each other in that dark, hot barrel, and their hearts beat so hard that they could almost hear them.

Presently we heard Jacob in the back yard calling out, "Mas Charlie! Mas Tommie! Yo' pa want you!" but nobody answered. Then we heard his voice afar off, at the garden, at the orangery, down by the pomegranates and the fig-trees, and at last by the river side, calling for us as loud as he could halloo. But we were as still as if we had been drowned in the river.

By this time our parents, and particularly our mother, began to be seriously alarmed lest we had run to the river and been drowned, or had gone into the marsh and been caught by alligators. As they passed near our barrel, we could hear them talk, and our poor mother seemed to be crying, for she said in a very sorrowful voice, "What *can* have become of our dear little boys?" I felt so sorry for her, and so ashamed of our doings, that I wanted to get right out of that barrel and say, "Here we are!" But Lizzy had charged us not to answer a word, so we kept perfectly still, and let them pass on; but we were very unhappy. I suspect we felt very much as Adam did after he had eaten the forbidden fruit, and had hidden himself among the trees of the garden, when he heard the voice of his kind Heavenly Father, calling out, "Adam, where art thou?" I think I know exactly how poor Adam felt.

After a long hunt, Jacob came to the barrel behind the chimney. He saw it move a little, and we heard him give a low laugh and say, "Eh, eh! w'at dis yah?" (Eh, eh! what is

this here?) Then he crept to its mouth and peeped in. There we were, our cheeks red with heat, and our clothes wet with perspiration.

"You little run-way boys!" said he. "Come out yah! Yo' pa want you."

We came out, and were carried straight to our father. The first question he asked was, "Did you, little boys, put those kittens in the gig-box?" and we answered, "Yes, sir."

"Why did you put them there?" he asked again.

"To keep them from falling out," I answered. "But we did not intend to leave them there. When we came back from the garden, you had gone, and carried them off."

I looked up in my father's face and saw that he was not near so angry as Lizzy said he would be. Instead of this, there was a kind of smile on his face. He asked again, "Why did you hide when I came home?"

I answered, "We thought you were going to whip us."

He asked again, "Why did you not answer when you were called?"

I answered, "We were afraid."

He then asked, "Did you not know it was very naughty to do so?" Neither of us answered a word.

He asked again, "What made you act so?"

I answered, "Lizzy told us that you would be sure to whip us, and that we must run and hide, and not answer a word."

As I said this, I observed that my father and mother looked at each other, and said something that I could not understand. What he said, or what he did afterwards, to Lizzy; I do not know, for she was not my father's servant, but his sister's, and was only with us until called for. But one thing I know, he did not whip either me or my little brother, as Lizzy said he would. And another thing I know, that whenever I was in trouble after that, so long as I was a child, I made it a rule to go right to my father or mother, and talk about it.

"Frank and Anna, do you think this a good rule?"

And they both answered, "Yes, sir."

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

II.

Of all books for young people there is no single one that is comparable with the library of Shakespeare. This is the safest reading, because it neither exhausts nor is itself exhaustible. Other books a child may tire of and leave behind, but he grows with Shakespeare, and while changing the kind of his interest keeps and increases the measure. At first, he reads for the story alone; familiar with that, he is at an age when the romance attracts him, and when he begins to appreciate the subtle beauties of language and the music of numbers. He becomes reflective and speculative; Shakespeare turns to him with a new gift; and finally, when he finds pleasure in an acquaintance with the interior movements of character, the men and women of Shakespeare, whose faces he first truthfully read as a child, now give out the same character through more subtle manifestations.

It is not strange that Shakespeare should furnish so delightful a child's book, since he always has an interesting story to tell, and since he makes an appeal to the simple and universal sentiments

of humanity. A child is quick in feeling whatever is broadly human; and Shakespeare's subtlest delineation of motives always is connected with a character which is recognizable by its less complex traits. The child sees a face and detects a generous or a cowardly nature; the man may see the same and be able also to read the separate lines and discriminate as to causes. People complain that children cannot understand Shakespeare: certainly they do not read him as a man does, but they feel even more acutely than a man the simple movements of Shakespeare, since they are more direct and swift in their feelings, and less entangled by subtleties of emotion.

There is besides a more delicate interest which children take in Shakespeare, overlooked by those who have forgotten the fineness of susceptibility in childhood. Shakespeare possesses, what no other writer has in like measure, the power of furnishing material to the imagination; but it is not wealth of elaborated material which supplies the child with resources for his own structures; he catches most quickly the air of a story, and is

impressed deeply with what really finds very little of rounded expression. Thus in the "Tempest," the enchantment of the island and the fact of an island itself; in "Lear," the stateliness of halls and the bleakness of the heath; in "As You Like It," the woody fragrance — all elements which are inseparable from the plays, but which are scarcely hinted at in words, — these exist for him, and are the intangible atmosphere which Shakespeare's characters breathe and in which the movement proceeds. So much is this so that an imaginative child will vividly reproduce not only the faces, but the colors of the dresses, in accordance with an instinctive sense of fitness, and likely enough be pained afterward in seeing the acted drama by the incongruity of the scenery and dress. And this air is always healthy; it does not give the imagination fever and ague, though warm summer winds and icy winter blasts may be in it; the very variety of clime affords a change of life to the little dreamer, which keeps the current of his mind always clear and active. The value in after-life of a childish familiarity with Shakespeare cannot be overstated. Even if the familiarity is not deepened by a further acquaintance in years of reflection, it remains as a priceless legacy from earlier days; it is often no less to him than the remembrance of wooded scenes and pasture playground is to a dweller in the city. The influence of both is of the same sort, and the remembrance of the one scarcely more real than that of the other.

The education which should proceed from Shakespeare would be eminently natural. Take, for example, the Historical Plays. The child becomes at once acquainted with real persons set before him in the manner most powerful in appeal to his mind; that is, through images. He gets once and for all a clear and accurate conception of the personality of these men and women; history has not yet been presented to him as a game played by Automata; and, braced by Shakespeare, he may get through his introduction to historic studies without becoming a hater of history. With Shakespeare, and to a degree with Scott, history is not an arrangement of facts, but a spectacle of men, and therefore the child finds them natural interpreters of the show. It is because Shakespeare was so clear a medium for the light from the whole human nature to pass through to the eye, and the eye of the child again possesses so slight a refractive power, that a child and Shakespeare agree best in their estimate of history, and are the nearest to truth.

But a child who has read the histories of Shakespeare, is eager for any additional knowl-

edge respecting the men there shown to him, and he will seize upon chronicles, or the works of ordinary historians, with avidity. He goes to them with an interest directly in what they have to tell, and he goes also with the power, gained through Shakespeare, of grouping his new knowledge, and separating the trivial from the essential. Much that is special in fact, all that is general in theorizing, he leaves at one side; his interest is of the same kind as it was in reading Shakespeare, and yet it does not remain so; but from the natural centre of a human interest in particular men and women, there are steadily going out new interests, increasing in strength with his years, which take hold by degrees of any thing and every thing. If all roads lead to Rome, all roads of the mind may lead from Shakespeare.

Somebody has said, more curiously than philosophically, that the natural method of teaching history would be to interest a child in his parents, then in his grandparents, and, branching out into all the ramifications of cousinhood, to widen in interest, and ascend in knowledge to nations and races. But a child's second cousin is often much more remote in interest, and value to him than Julius Caesar; and the true method would seem to lie in acquainting the child with those strongly marked historical characters in Shakespeare which appeal most directly to his human interest, when he may safely be left to collect his historical facts from these centres.

It has sometimes been objected that Shakespeare has words unfit for a child's ears: but the answer is, that these words are not backed by any ideas in the child's mind; and in truth he skips, because it is unintelligible, what an older person in reading aloud skips, because it is unbecoming. We recur to the thought in our former paper, and remind the parent again how much is gained by parent and child in establishing a common interest and sympathy over a great book. Any one who recalls Shakespeare first read by a mother, recalls something more than a voice and a play. Shakespeare does not need separate introduction, and any child that can read or listen intelligibly will pick out the story, and what is universal in the poet. Still there is increased delight to a child, when having heard the story of one of Shakespeare's plays he finds it for himself upon reading, and recognizes an old friend. Many will confess to a play being a favorite one just because they heard the story told to them before they could read. Even the stiff and prosaic renderings of Mary Lamb, have been the delightful foretaste to many a child of the riper fruit of after-years; and bet-

ter still the stories, fresh from the lips of a mother, have given a charm to Shakespeare which one might covet who had missed such an introduction. In this number of the magazine is begun a series

of stories from Shakespeare, which, it is hoped, will be the happy opening to many children of the marvelous book.

THE WINDOW-SEAT.

Eight o'clock in the Evening.

It is snowing and blowing out of doors, and I have drawn the red curtain across my window, but sit in my window-seat still, with my feet drawn up on the cushion. The gas in the pipe is not lighted yet, but the gas in the coal is lighted, and flashes out of the fire-place most cheerily. It makes every thing very distinct, and looking about I find nothing better to rest my eyes on than a picture which hangs over the mantel-shelf. It has no name except the one that I give it; for the artist who drew it put no name upon it, and he died forty years ago. It is "*The Entrance*," by William Blake; and as I sit in my snugery, the storm howling outside, this picture takes my recollections and my imaginings across the ocean, and back to the time when William Blake made it. I found it in a picture-store on the famous Strand of London, as one of the great streets running parallel with the Thames is called. It had been lying neglected there for some time, waiting for some one to come who had heard of its maker, and who would buy it for his sake as well as for its own. A little way from the picture-store is a sort of rat-hole alley-way leading from the Strand, and called Fountain Court. There are a great many such courts in London; one sees a dark passage-way not much larger than a man's body, and going in through an arch he comes out into a little court, closed all about, and occupied by dingy houses. In this dismal Fountain Court, which looked as if it had never heard of even a pail of water, was a house which I went to look at, because in it had lived once William Blake. Some old clothes were hanging out of the windows, and some slatternly women and children were about. It was no doubt a little cleaner looking when William Blake and his wife lived there, and from the window of one of these two rooms they could get a glimpse of the river and hills beyond, but it never could have been a very bright or cheerful spot. I fear that most people living there would become like the place—stupid and indifferent to any thing higher or better than a pipe and a glass of beer.

Here, however, William Blake lived, and painted pictures and wrote poems, and his pictures became more wonderful as he grew older. He painted what he saw about him. Fountain Court, and people going through it with mugs of beer in their hands? No, for he was not looking at such sights much. When he was a little boy, he came home one day and told his mother that he had seen a tree filled with angels, bright angelic wings bespangling every bough, like stars; and again going out into the fields, where the hay-makers were at work, he saw them raking hay, and amid them were bright angels walking. We sometimes say, especially in hymns, that with the eye of faith we may see the heavenly country and the spirits that dwell there, but our eyes are nevertheless looking hard at the ground or the bricks about us. Now Blake had this eye of faith, and so clear was it that he constantly seemed to be seeing beautiful or terrible spirits, when others saw nothing but muddy London streets, and so what he saw he painted.

There were some around him who cared for these things, but most people could not see what he saw, and they blamed him for being so foolish. He did not mind them. He said that God was showing him these wonderful sights, and it would not be right if he were to turn away and look at what other men cared about, even though he could then paint pictures which men would admire, and give him great sums of money for. Once he wrote about himself,—

"The Angel who presided at my birth
Said: 'Little creature, formed of joy and mirth,
Go love without the help of any thing on earth.'"

But when any listened to him, or spoke, who felt as he did, they loved him more than they could tell. They were few who cared for him and his work, but he said: "I see the face of my Heavenly Father: He lays His hand upon my head, and gives a blessing to all my work."

When he drew a face, he was thinking of what the man had suffered and enjoyed, and how much he had thought of those things which would last forever, and how little of what was soon to pass

away. He drew many pictures of the life of Job. You who have read the Book of Job in the Bible know that it is wonderful and deep, and that it has not much to say about the destruction of Job's house, and the disease which wasted Job; but a great deal concerning God, and the stars which He made, and man's soul, more wonderful than the stars. So Blake, as if he had been with Job and his friends, put into pictures what they felt, and the pictures are only less glorious than the words which we can read.

Besides painting what he saw, Blake wrote down what he heard, and some very strange things he wrote, for his ear was like a musical instrument out of tune in some of its notes; when these were struck there was a discord, and we can make out no tune; but some of the notes were clear, and when these were struck, a beautiful sound went out, which Blake caught in words and sang for us. Whatever was simple and truthful and lovely went to his heart; and he was not easily deceived by outside appearances, but knew how to see a heart that could be touched, even when most would think the owner of it a hard and hateful man; if there was any thing worth loving, he was quite sure to love it, because he knew that God did too. Here are some lines of his upon

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

When my mother died I was very young,
And my father sold me while yet my tongue
Could scarcely cry, "Weep, weep! Weep, weep!"
So your chimneys I sweep, and in soot I sleep.

There's little Tom Dacre, who cried when his
head,
That curled like a lamb's back, was shaved. So I
said, —
"Hush, Tom! never mind it, for when your
head's bare,
You know that the soot cannot spoil your white
hair."

And so he was quiet, and that very night,
As Tom was a sleeping, he had such a sight:
That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned, and
Jack,
Were all of them lock'd up in coffins of black.

And by came an angel who had a bright key,
And he opened the coffins and set them all free;
Then down a green plain, leaping, laughing, they
run,
And wash in a river, and shine in the sun.

Then naked and white, all their bag left behind,
They rise upon clouds and sport in the wind;
And the angel told Tom, "If he'd be a good boy,
He'd have God for his father, and never want
joy."

And so Tom awoke, and we rose in the dark,
And got, with our bags and our brushes, to work;
Though the morning was cold, Tom was happy
and warm,
So, if all do their duty, they need not fear harm.

Here is another, which is called

THE LITTLE BLACK BOY.

My mother bore me in the Southern wild,
And I am black, but oh, my soul is white;
White as an angel is the English child,
But I am black, as if bereaved of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree,
And sitting down before the heat of day,
She took me on her lap and kissed me,
And, pointing to the East, began to say:

"Look on the rising sun! there God does live,
And gives His light, and gives His heat away.
And flowers, and trees, and beasts, and men re-
ceive
Comfort in morning, joy in the noonday.

"And we are put on earth a little space,
That we may learn to bear the beams of love;
And these black bodies, and this sunburnt face,
Are but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

"For when our souls have learned the heat to
bear,
The cloud will vanish; we shall hear His
voice
Saying, 'Come out from the grove, my love and
care,
And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice.'"

Thus did my mother say, and kissed me,
And thus I say to little English boy:
"When I from black, and he from white cloud free,
And round the tent of God like lambs we joy,

I'll shade him from the heat till he can bear
To lean in joy upon our Father's knee;
And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,
And be like him, and he will then love me."

Those of you who have "The Children's Gar-

land," a very pleasing little collection of poetry for children, will find two of Blake's poems in it, and I will give just one more.

THE LAMB.

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight, —
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee;
Little lamb, I'll tell thee:
He is called by thy name,
For He calls himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and He is mild,
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are called by His name.

Little lamb, God bless thee!
Little lamb, God bless thee!

William Blake was not always happy, even

though he had such beautiful sights before him; many times he was harsh and bitter, oftener he was weighed down with troubles, but one thing he never lost sight of — that to live in the love of God was what would last; and, remembering this, he beat down whatever rose to disturb it, whether discomfort about him or sinful enemies within; so that at the last of life, when he lay down, poor and almost neglected, save by his beloved wife and a very few steadfast friends, he chanted and sang melodies that rose from his heart to his lips, and with these bright songs and happy words, he left the world.

I look once more at the picture over my mantel. It is not hard to read it after reading of Blake. Two angelic beings stand waiting at the opening doors, their faces turned wistfully downward to the cloud below, out of which ascends one whose face we do not see, but whose hands are outstretched as she rises to that world which she has seen with the eye of faith before. Now the doors are opened for her. So, like William Blake, she enters in. I have seen this from my cushioned seat by the window. How cold it has grown; the storm is beating without. Let me stir up the fire and sit in its glow.

THE EDITOR.

ENIGMAS.

IN the last number a correspondent wrote of making Anagrammatic Enigmas. This time he has something to say about how to solve them.

"I propose now to show you how to proceed in a systematic manner to solve an anagrammatic enigma.

"Let us suppose that the following is an enigma given us to solve: —

"I am a word of four letters.

"My 1st, 3d, and 2d is used in the building of ships.

"My 2d, 3d, and 1st is an animal that infests ships.

"My 2d, 3d, and 4th is a gentle knock.

"My 1st, 3d, and 4th is a gentle blow.

"My 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th is used to catch my 2d, 3d, and 1st, in.

"And all my letters read backward do not make the whole.

"The first thing to be done is to write in a row the figures denoting the number of letters in the enigma, with a space above them for the letters, as fast as you find them out, thus: —

1 2 3 4

"Then you can read carefully the several specifications, and see whether there is any one of them which is tolerably certain, and which may thus furnish a clue.

"The first that comes, is, —

"My 1st, 3d, and 2d is used in the building of ships. You try to think of words of three letters denoting things used in the building of ships. There are several, such as *oak*, *tar*, *axe*, and perhaps others; and as we have as yet no means of determining which of these is the one, we pass on to the next.

"A tolerably bright boy or girl will at once think of *rat*, as a word of three letters which denotes an animal which infests ships, and as he probably will not be able to think of any other, he writes the letters of that word in their proper places over his row of figures, thus: —

t r a
1 2 3 4

"This gives us a clue which enables us at once to solve the whole enigma, for *p* must be the fourth letter to make that in which we catch the *rat*, and all the others follow of course.

"This, it is true, is a very easy enigma to solve.

But the principle, and the method, are the same in all. Let us take one somewhat more difficult.

"Let us suppose, for example, that we have the following:—

"I am a word of eight letters.

"My 5th, 1st, and 7th is a domestic animal.

"My 4th, 6th, and 7th is a domestic utensil.

"My 4th, 3d, 6th, and 8th is a kind of fuel.

"My 4th, 3d, 8th, 6th, and 2d is a part of a flower.

"My 8th, 5th, and 1st is the definite article.

"My 6th is the indefinite article.

"My 5th, 6th, and 8th is a covering for the head.

"My whole is a famous animal inhabiting Asia and Africa.

"The first thing is to write the row of figures as before:—

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

"Then you take the statements in turn till you find some one of them which gives you a clue. The first requires a word of three letters denoting a domestic animal. Now there are several domestic animals, the names of which are spelled with three letters; such as *dog*, *cat*, *hen*. So you leave this for the present and pass on. The next is the name of a domestic utensil in three letters. There are several of these, such as *can*, *pan*, *pot*, and others. So you pass to the third. You soon find that there are several words denoting kinds of fuel, which are spelled with four letters, as *wood*, *coal*, *coke*, and others. The word in five letters denoting a part of a flower is equally uncertain. So you pass to the next; and here if you are enough of a grammarian to know that *the* is the definite article, you get your clue. So you write over your row of figures the letters of the word *the*, and immediately afterward you see that *a* must be the sixth letter, since *a* is the indefinite article. You write this over the figure 8, then your row stands thus:—

e h a t
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

"The next statement, namely, that the 5th, 6th, and 8th is a covering for the head, is now seen to be *hat*, though you would not have known, except from your previous discovery, whether it was *hat* or *cap*. Your finding however that the 5th, 6th, and 8th, as previously discovered, make *hat*, satisfies you that you are right so far, and it is very probable that you would now see at once that the animal must be elephant. If you do not see this at once, you go back to the beginning again, to see whether you cannot discover the other words by means of the letters which you have already determined. You see that the domestic animal must have *e* for the middle letter, and so cannot be *dog* or *cat*. Perhaps you cannot think of any domestic animal which has *e* for the middle letter. If not, you can go on to the next, and find that the domestic utensil must have *a* for its middle letter. You might then think of *pan*; and if so, you would put *p* and *n* over the numbers 4 and 7 in your

row. If you should not think of *pan* you would try the next one, and as the 6th and 8th letters are *a* and *t* you would know it could not be *wood* or *coal* and might perhaps think of *peat*. If you did, you would put *p* and *e* in over the numbers 4 and 3 in your row, and so on, until all the letters were discovered.

"It is true that in this case the clue given you by the statements that three of the letters formed the definite article, and that one other was the indefinite article, are so plain and direct as to make this enigma an extremely easy one to solve. In many cases you would not find any one of the statements so clear that you could determine it certainly. In that case you sometimes have to try two or three words before you get the right clue.

"For example, let us take such an enigma as this:—

"I am a word of six letters.

"My 2d, 3d, and 1st is a mathematical term.

"My 1st, 2d, and 6th is an animal.

"My 4th, 5th, 2d, and 3d is a favorite fruit.

"My 1st, 2d, 4th, 5th, and 3d is something that boys like to cut sometimes.

"My 1st, 2d, and 3d, and also my 1st, 2d, 3d, and 6th, are vehicles.

"My whole is essential to a well-furnished room.

"Now, in looking this over perhaps you try first the kind of fruit. Almost all kinds of fruit are spelled with more than four letters; but you happen to think of *plum*, and conclude to try that. But you find, after writing the letters of that word in their proper places over the figures of the row, that none of the other words come right. So you know that *plum* is not the kind of fruit meant; and if you cannot think of any other kind of fruit which is spelled with four letters, you perhaps pass to the next statement, which requires you to think of something in five letters which boys like to cut sometimes.

"You think of *paper*. So you make a new row of figures, and write the letters of that word over the figures, each in its proper place. But then, on trying these letters, you do not find that the other words come right any more than before. You conclude that the thing which boys like to cut sometimes cannot be *paper*.

"So you go to the next line, and try to think of some word in three letters which means a vehicle. Perhaps you think of *cab*, and also of *car*. *Cab* you see will not do, for by the addition of another letter, namely the 6th, it ought to make another vehicle. But by adding *t* to *car* you make *cart*. Now you think you have got a clue. So you write another row of figures and put in the letters *c*, *a*, *r*, and *t*, over the 1st, 2d, 3d, and 6th; and then, on trying the other statements, you soon find what other letters are to be put in to make them all come right, and that the whole is *carpet*, while that which boys sometimes like to cut is a *carper*.

"Sometimes, in such enigmas as these, you will find

one of the statements so plain as to give you the right clue very readily, as in the one above, where it was stated that three of the letters formed the definite article. At other times it is very difficult to get a clue. In making enigmas for other people to solve you must keep in mind that you can thus make them more or less difficult, and you must be careful to adapt them in this respect to the intelligence of the persons, or the class of persons, that they are intended for. You must always remember that enigmas are made to be guessed, and if they do not afford those to whom they are offered the pleasure of solving them, after experiencing a certain amount of difficulty, they fail of their object. An older sister, for example, might make some enigmas to give to the younger children, in order that they might amuse themselves by solving them, or a number of persons at a small party might gather around a table, and make enigmas to amuse each other with. If, in such case, you make your enigmas so difficult that the person you make them for cannot solve them, but has to give up, disappointed and discouraged, your work is a failure. You have given pain instead of pleasure. If, on the other hand, you make it too easy, then it is a failure too; for unless there is a certain amount of difficulty to be overcome there is no triumph, and no great satisfaction, in the victory.

"You will find in the case of most words that a much larger number of other words can be made by transposition of the different letters composing it than you would suppose. In the case of one of the enigmas referred to in this article, namely, the one on the word *carpet*, I found that the number of words that could be made from it ran up to thirty very readily. It would be a good puzzle for the readers of this article to try whether they can make thirty words from those six letters.

"Of course, when so many words can be formed, you have a great range of selection in making your enigma, and must always choose those that you can say the most curious and mysterious things about; always taking care to have among them one or two of such a character as to furnish a clue more or less easily discoverable, according to the age and intelligence of the persons to whom the enigma is to be given, in order to enable them to solve it without too much toil and trouble.

"An enigma is in this respect entirely different from a conundrum, which is never expected to be guessed, or even intended to be guessed. Some people when a conundrum is proposed to them, as, for instance, why Christmas is like the letter *e*, begin to make excuses and apologies, and to say that they are very stupid about guessing such things, as if

anybody was ever expected to guess a conundrum. The question is not asked with any intention of having it answered, but only to bring the apparent incongruity of the things compared more distinctly before the mind, and to prepare the hearer for the surprise of the answer. Indeed, if any one could discover the answer to a conundrum it would be impolite in him to give it, for the person who proposes the conundrum always wishes to have the pleasure of giving it himself. The proper thing to do, therefore, when you hear a conundrum is, after allowing a moment's pause, and perhaps repeating the question to show that you fully receive and understand it, to say, 'I give it up,' and thus afford the propounder of the conundrum the pleasure of telling you the answer himself, by saying, — in the case of the conundrum given above, — 'Because it comes near the end of December.'

"Thus an enigma is made to give the person to whom it is proposed the pleasure of *discovering* the answer; while a conundrum is made to give the person who proposes it the pleasure of *telling* the answer, and the one that it is proposed to, the pleasure of surprise in hearing it.

"I will conclude by giving you an enigma to solve and a conundrum to give up.

"The enigma is this: —

"I am a word of six letters.

"My 4th, 2d, and 3d is the name of something that we eat.

"My 6th, 2d, and 3d is the name of something that we drink.

"My 1st, 5th, and 6th is the name sometimes given to a young child, and spells the same backwards and forwards.

"My 5th is an interjection.

"My 6th, 5th, and 4th spins but makes no thread.

"My whole is a favorite with the ladies, and the first half of me often fills the whole of me.

"And now for the conundrum.

"Why do mosquitoes make most noise when they are in the woods?

"Do you give it up?

"Because there they alight upon trees and bark."

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN THE LAST NUMBER.

Rebuses. 1. The curfew tolls the knell of parting day. 2. Thalberg is great on fingering keys. 3. A Roman knows no fear.

Charades. 1. Aspen. 2. Handkerchief.

Mixed Acrostic.

JOHN

ARNO

ELBA

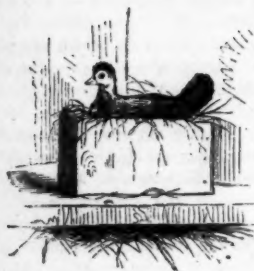
LEAH



UOPIH

REBUSES.

1.



2.

Ω

T



MY



M^Y E^NE

3.



© 1887

Country of Turkey

Colony of the Cape

UoF M



Tom, Tom, the Piper's son,
Stole a pig, and away he run;
The pig was eat,
And Tom was beat,
And Tom ran crying down the street.